

BELL'S EDITION.
 The PORTS of GREAT BRITAIN Complete
 from CHMUCER to CHERCHILL.



MALLEY,
 and stands within his grasp
 was Cleish'd a broken Oar.

*Ang. Kauffman del.
 Hambro & Co. sculp.*

Printed for John Bell British Library Strand London. Oct 1780.



THE *Gal 11 Dd*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DAVID MALLET.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Rapt, I foresee thy MALLET's early aim
Shine in full worth, and shoot at length to fame. SAVAGE.
Imagination ! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring; thou who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where Contemplation haunts; oh ! come, invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
O'er earth's extended space. THE EXCURSION.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

Advertisement.

Few particulars relative to Mr. Mallet are known. He was by birth a North-Briton, tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother, Lord George Graham; and afterwards Secretary to Frederick late Prince of Wales, father to his present Majesty. He also enjoyed the place of Keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London. Mr. Mallet married a lady of very considerable fortune, and lived and was respected as a gentleman. He died about the 1765.

This Author's dramatic pieces were Eurydice and Mustapha, tragedies, and Alfred and Britannia, masks; Alfred being wrote by Mr. Mallet in conjunction with the late amiable Mr. Thomson, author of *The Seasons*. His other poems are faithfully collected in this Volume. Of his *Elvira* it has been observed, that the indifferent success it met with ought to be ascribed to the unfavourable juncture in which it appeared, the 1763, when party-prejudice ran high against the Scots, on account of the unpopular administration of Lord Bute, to whom *Elvira* was dedicated.

The poem of *Amyntor and Theodora* was originally intended by the Author for the stage; but he afterwards found reason to alter it to the form in which it now appears, from motives partly hinted in the preface to the poem.

Mr. Mallet was editor of a complete edition of Lord Bacon's Works, to which he prefixed a life of that great man, though he himself is yet without a biographer. He also published the Philosophical Works of the late Lord Bolingbroke, agreeable to his Lordship's last will and testament—a sufficient evidence of his Lordship's friendship for and sentiments of Mr. Mallet.

March 1780.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

January 1. 1759.

No man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surpris'd, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works either to Cicero or the younger Pliny, not to mention any more among her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws, in which both eminently excelled: they were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country; but as they had both embellish'd their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions, no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage; and, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this Collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

*Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not ap-

plied with more propriety at first than they are now, the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you : but of that the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in, without which you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it ; and this any man may affirm of himself without vanity, because it is equally in every man's power ; Of all that I have written on any occasion, there is not a line which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present ; an humble one I confess it is, and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable ; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head ; an effusion of those sentiments which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my Lord, thro' the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit ; and may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war,

DEDICATION TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH. 11

however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace. Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish under the eye and encouragement of those few who think, and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,
Your most faithful humble servant.

TO THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*.

YOUR Grace has given leave that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name; but this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my Lord, in the style of compliment: genuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it; as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue,

* This dedication was prefixed by the Author to a small Collection of his poems published in 1762.

THE DEDICATION TO THE D. OF MARLBOROUGH.

as surely it must, your Grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former in the latter: the eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you, and from what you are known to have done in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man in the other.

The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your Grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke of Marlborough*.

You will then see that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation, and that the same extensive capacity which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean-while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy; this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of,

YOUR GRACE'S
Most obedient humble servant;

* A work which has not yet appeared.

MISCELLANIES.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

TO MR. POPE.

Advertisement

To the first and second editions.

AS the design of the following Poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the Author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the public, and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this Poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his invaluable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances with which the Town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the num'rous fools, by Fate design'd
Oft' to disturb, and oft' divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote;
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.
O fam'd for judging as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel!
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:

'Tis thine, O Pope! who chuse the better part,
 To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
 Which nor to taste nor genius has pretence,
 And if 'tis learning is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud, 15
 For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
 Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
 With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
 What ev'ry dunce from ev'ry dunghill drew
 Of literary offals, old or new, 20
 Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
 Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write;
 Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
 With venerable toys from Rome and Greece;
 How oft', in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair, 25
 If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
 If in the cave where Dido first was sped
 To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain, 30
 That store a Bentley's and a Bunnian's brain:
 Hence Plato quoted, or the Stagyrice,
 To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white;
 Hence much hard study without sense or breeding,
 And all the grave impertinence of reading.
 If Shakespeare says the noon-day sun is bright, 35
 His Scholiast will remark it then was light;
 Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
 To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool! 40

But is there then no honour due to age?
No rev'rence to great Shakespeare's noble page?
And he who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays, 45
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Woodbe pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created and yet rules the stage,
Bold to design, all-pow'ful to express,
Shakespeare each passion drew in ev'ry dress: 50
Great above rule, and imitating none,
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own;
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay,
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heav'nward flight he takes,
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes; 56
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps,
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the Poet; next the Scholiast view;
Faint tho' the colouring, yet the features true. 60

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He with low industry goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none;
His brother book-worm, so, in shelf or stall, 65
Will feed alike on Wool'ston and on Paul.

By living clients hopeless now of bread,
 He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:
 See him on Shakespeare pore, intent to steal
 Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal. 70
 Such that grave bird in northern seas is found
 Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.
 Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
 This humble friend attends from shore to shore:
 With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd, 75
 He picks up what his patron drops behind,
 With those choice cates his palate to regale,
 And is the careful Tibbald of a whale*.

Bless'd Genius! who bestows his oil and pains
 On each dull passage each dull book contains; 80
 The toil more grateful as the task more low:
 So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
 Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
 There most exact the reading to restore;
 By dint of plodding and by sweat of face 85
 A bull to change, a blunder to replace;

* This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food; and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of seamew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement, which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See *A Collection of Voyages to the North*.

Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
 And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
 For this dread Dennis (and who can forbear,
 Duncce or not duncce, relating it, to stare *?) 90
 His head, tho' jealous, and his years fourscore,
 Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before †!
 For this the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
 And, modest, prints his own with Shakespeare's name:
 How justly, Pope! in this short story view, 95
 Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A Prélate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
 Who sense with sound and truth with rhet'ric mixt,
 Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
 Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd. 100
 The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
 And freely man or woman spoke their mind:
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
 And each, rememb'ring something, prais'd the whole.
 At last an honest sexton join'd the throng, 105
 (For as the theme was large their talk was long)

"Neighbours," he cry'd, "my conscience bids me tell;
 "Tho' it was the Doctor preach'd---I toll'd the bell."

In this the critic's folly most is shown:
 Is there a genius all unlike his own, 110

* ----- Quis talia fando

Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c.

Virg.

† See The Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to
 Mr. Lewis Theobald.

With learning elegant, with wit well-bred;
 And, as in books, in men and manners read;
 Himself, with poring erudition blind,
 Unknowing, as unknown, of human-kind,
 That writer he selects, with awkward aim,
 His sense at once to mimic and to maim.
 So Florio is a fop with half a nose;
 So fat West-Indian planters dress as beaux;
 Thus gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice;
 And Horace, strange to say! tun'd Bentley's voice.

Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
 His genius social as his judgment clear,
 When frolic prudent, smiling when severe;
 Secure each temper and each taste to hit,
 His was the curious happiness of wit
 Skill'd in that noblest science how to live,
 Which learning may direct, but Heav'n must give;
 Grave with Agrippa, with Mecænas gay;
 Among the fair but just as wise as they;
 First in the friendships of the great enroll'd;
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lyttletons, of old.

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
 And but by books acquainted with mankind,
 Dares in the fulness of the pedant's pride
 Rhyme, tho' no genius, tho' no judge decide;
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part;

Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,
 Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead: 140
 To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit;
 He makes them write what never poet writ;
 The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
 And Paradise by him is lost agen*. 145
 Such was his doom impos'd by Heav'n's decree,
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
 Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,
 Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old, 150
 Who to his iron-bed by torture fits
 Their nobler part, the souls of suff'ring wits.

Such is the man who heaps his head with bays,
 And calls on human-kind to sound his praise
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill, 155
 For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill,
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,

* This sagacious Schollast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton, who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him, because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But tho' he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils, 166
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.

Yet be his merits with his faults confess;
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the critic's work with trifles stor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
Men so well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have sworn were men of note.
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd;
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd;
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis! thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discov'ry blind?
Let Crooke a brother-scholiast Shakepeare call;
Tibbald to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle still: in this we see
The lackies of the great and learn'd agree,
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate, 180
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet,
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyle.

Yet those whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd, 186

Tho' with big titles each his fellow greets,
 Are but to wits as scavengers to streets;
 The humble blackguards of a Pope or Gay,
 To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away. 190

Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
 Fume to the head, or poison to the heart:
 Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
 The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.

Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame, 195

And adding fuel to redundant flame,

He, sober pimp to Lechery, explains

What Caprea's isle or V.*'s alcove contains;

Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,

Was lavish to his father's wife alone; 200

Why those fond female visits duly paid

To tuneful Incuba, and what her trade;

How modern love has made so many martyrs,

And which keeps oft'nest, Lady C.* or Chartres.

But who their various follies can explain? 205

The tale is infinite, the task were vain.

'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought,

To sum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote;

To guess, ere one epistle * saw the light,

How many dunces met and clubb'd their mite; 210

* See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads, one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
 Or from the brother boobies steal a trope.
 That be the part of persevering Waste,
 With pen of lead; or, Arnal thine of brass;
 A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
 Who loves to teach what no man cares to learn.

How little knowledge reaps from toils like these!
 Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please!
 Yet, Critical would your tribe deserve a name,
 And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame,
 First from the head a load of lumber move,
 And from the volume all yourselves approve:
 For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments give us sense,
 Or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
 Where moral meaning or where taste presides,
 And wit enlivens but what reason guides;
 Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
 Serious not silly, sportive but not vain;
 On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
 In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

* See the Preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR, THE WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
Had bright'ning spread o'er vale and hill,
Not those loose beams that wanton play
To light the mirth of giddy May,
Nor such red heats as burn the plain
In ardent Summer's sev'rish reign,
But rays all equal, soft, and sober,
To suit the second of October,
To suit the pair whose Wedding-day
This sun now gilds with annual ray:
Just then where our good-natur'd Thames is
Some four short miles above St. James's,
And deigns with silver-streaming wave
Th' abodes of earth-born Pride to lave,
Aloft in air two gods were soaring,
While Putney cits beneath lay snoring,
Plung'd deep in dreams of ten *per cent.*
On fums to their dear country lent;
Two gods of no inferior fame,
Whom ancient wits with rev'rence name,
Tho' wiser moderns much disparage—
I mean the gods of Love and Marriage.

But Cupid first, his wit to show,
 Assuming a mere modern bean,
 Whose utmost aim is idle mirth,
 Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth,
 Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
 To grace this common-place chit-chat.

25

“How! on the wing by break of dawn,
 “Dear brother!”—there he fore'd a yawn—
 “To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
 “They must ere night be gagg'd and bound!
 “Who having once put on thy chain,
 “'Tis odds may ne'er sleep sound again.
 “So say the wits; but wiser folks
 “Still marry, and condemn their jokes:
 “They know each better blifs is thine,
 “Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
 “And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
 “Which never fails nor ever sours!
 “Well, be it so: yet there are fools
 “Who dare demur to formal rules;
 “Who laugh profanely at their betters,
 “And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
 “But, well or ill, jog on thro' life
 “Without that sov'reign blifs a wife.
 “Leave these at least, these sad dogs, free
 “To stroll with Bacchus and with me,
 “And sup in Middlesex or Surrey
 “On coarse cold beef and Fanny Murray.”

30

35

40

45

50

Thus Cupid—and with such a leer, T
 You would have sworn 't was Ligonier; E
 While Hymen soberly reply'd, C
 Yet with an air of conscious pride; T

“Just come from yonder wretched scene; 55

“Where all is venal, false, and mean; A

“(Looking on London as he spoke) T

“I marvel not at thy dull joke; M

“Nor in such cant to hear thee vapour, A

“Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper, 60

“Thine arrows feather'd at the tail; F

“With India bonds for hearts on sale; M

“Their other ends too, as is meet, F

“Tipp'd with gold points from Lombard-streets; E

“But couldst thou for a moment quit 65

“These airs of fashionable wit; T

“And reassume thy nobler name— S

“Look that way, where I turn my flame— T

He said, and held his torch inclin'd, T

Which pointed so still brighter shin'd— 70

“Behold yon' couple, arm in arm, T

“Whom I, eight years, have known to charm, Y

“And while they wear my willing chains, R

“A god dares swear that neither feigns, T

“This morn', that bound their mutual vow, 75

“That bless'd them first, and blesses now, F

“They grateful hail; and from the south H

“With thousands o'er both heads may roll, T

"Till from life's banquet either guest
 "Embracing, may retire to rest.
 "Come then, all raill'ry laid aside,
 "Let this their day serenely glide;
 "With mine thy serious aim unite,
 "And both some proper guests invite,
 "That not one minute's running sand
 "May find their pleasures at a stand."

At this severe and sad rebuke,
 Enough to make a coxcomb puke,
 Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd,
 Not yet consenting, tho' convinc'd;
 For 't is your witling's greatest terror,
 Ev'n when he feels, to own his error;
 Yet with a look of arch grimace
 He took his penitential face;
 Said "'Twas perhaps the surer play
 "To give your grave good souls their way;
 "That as true humour was grown scarce,
 "He chose to see a sober farce;
 "For of all cattle and all fowl
 "Your solemn-looking ass and owl
 "Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
 "Than those jack-puddings pug and parrot."
 He said, and eastward spread his wing,
 From London some few friends to bring,
 His brother too, with sober cheer,
 For the same end did westward steer;

But first a pensive love forlorn,
 Who three long weeping years has borne
 His torch revers'd, and all around,
 Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
 Sent off to call a neighb'ring friend,
 On whom the mournful train attend;
 And bid him, this one day, at least,
 For such a pair, at such a feast,
 Strip off the sable veil, and wear
 His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
 Observ'd a man on Richmond-hill,
 Who now first tries a country life,
 Perhaps to fit him for a wife;
 But tho' not much on this he reckon'd,
 The passing god look'd in and beckon'd;
 He knows him rich in social merit,
 With independent taste and spirit,
 Tho' he will laugh with men of whim,
 For fear such men should laugh at him.

But, lo! already on his way,
 In due observance of the day,
 A friend and fav'rite of the Nine,
 Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
 And one sole virtue would arrive at—
 To keep his many virtues private;

* A. Mitchell, Esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

C

Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth, a suit in
 His lov'd companions, Ease and Health;
 Or in his garden, barring out
 The noise of ev'ry neighb'ring rout,
 At penfive hour of eve and prime
 Marks how the various hand of Time
 Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
 His vegetable sons and daughters.
 While these are on their way, behold!
 Dan Cupid, from his London-fold
 First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden
 Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden;
 Brave as the sword he wears in fight,
 Sincere, and briefly in the right,
 Whom never minister or king
 Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see! of special note,
 Plump Comus† in a col'nel's coat,
 Whom we this day expect from far,
 A jolly first-rate man of war,
 On whom we boldly dare repose,
 To meet our friends or meet our foes.

* The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

† The late Colonel Caroline Scott, who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

Or comes a brother in his stead?
 Strong-body'd too, and strong of head;
 Who, in whatever path he goes,
 Still looks right on before his nose,
 And holds it little less than treason
 To baulk his stomach or his reason
 True to his mistress and his meat,
 He eats to love and loves to eat.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!
 Cupid himself attends to squire her:
 A welcome guest! we much had miss'd her,
 For 't is our Kitty or his sister.
 But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
 Snap up this lamb to shear her wool;
 No Teague of that unblooming band
 Just landed, or about to land;
 Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse
 To steal an heiress or a purse;
 No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
 Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
 No half-form'd insect of a peer,
 With neither land nor conscience clear,
 Who if he can, 't is all he can do,
 Just spell the motto on his landau:
 From all, from each of these, defend her,
 But thou and Hymen both befrend her
 With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
 And much good sense, and some estate.

But now, suppose th' assembly met; 10
 And round the table cordial set; 11
 While in fair order, to their wish, 12
 Plain Neatness sends up ev'ry dish, 13
 And Pleasure at the sideboard stands; 14
 A nectar'd goblet in his hands, 15
 To pour libations, in due measure, 16
 As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure— 17
 Let these white moments all be gay, 18
 Without one cloud of dim allay; 19
 In ev'ry face let joy be seen; 20
 As Truth sincere, as Hope serene; 21
 Let Friendship, Love, and Wit, combine 22
 To flavour both the meat and wine 23
 With that rich relish to each sense 24
 Which they, and they alone, dispense; 25
 Let Music, too, their mirth prolong, 26
 With warbled air and festive song; 27
 Then when at eve the star of Love 28
 Glows with soft radiance from above, 29
 And each companionable guest 30
 Withdraws replenish'd; not oppress'd, 31
 Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say— 32
 My life be such a Wedding-day! 33

THE EXCURSION.

A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Contents.

CANTO I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed. A short excursion survey of the earth and heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sunrise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased. With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward. A view of the Arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary.—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the midland part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length.—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system, and of the fixed stars.

CANTO I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative pow'r,

Imagination! at whose great command

Arise unnumber'd images of things.

Thy hourly offspring: thou who canst at will

* This Poem is among the Author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candour of the reader.

People with air-born shapes the silent wood
 And solitary vale, thy own domain,
 Where Contemplation haunts; oh! come, invok'd,
 To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing
 O'er earth's extended space; and thence, on high,
 Spread to superior worlds thy bolder flight, 10
 Excursive, unconfin'd: hence from the haunts
 Of vice and folly, vanity and man—

To yon' expanse of plains where Truth delights,
 Simple of heart, and hand in hand with her
 Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
 Parent of beauty and of song, has left 16
 His mantle, flow'r-embroider'd, on the ground,
 While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
 Crown his prime season with their choicest stores,
 Fresh roses op'ning to the solar ray, 20
 And fruits flow-swellng on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
 Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
 Heard from the distant village in the vale,
 Crows cheerly out, far-sounding thro' the gloom: 25
 Night hears from where, wide-hov'ring in mid-sky,
 She rules the sable hour, and calls her train
 Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
 The dream distressful, and th' incumbent hag,
 That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms, 30
 While Reason slumb'ring lies: at once they fly,
 As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimm'ring on the verge of heav'n,
 From east to north, in doubtful twilight seen,
 A whit'ning lustre shoots its tender beam,
 While shade and silence yet involve the ball:
 Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
 A dewy radiance, bright'ning o'er the world:
 Gay daughter of the Air, for ever young,
 For ever pleasing, lo! she onward comes,
 In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
 Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues: at her approach,
 The western gray of yonder breaking clouds
 Slow-reddens into flame; the rising mists,
 From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away:
 In curling spires, and open all his woods,
 High waving in the sky; th' uncolour'd stream
 Beneath her glowing ray translucent shines:
 Glad Nature feels her thro' her boundless realms
 Of life and sense; and calls forth all her sweets,
 Fragrance and song: from each unfolding flower
 Transpires the balm of life that Zephyr wafts,
 Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
 Or high in air or secret in the shade,
 Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn,
 While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
 Scud o'er the lawns; and, plunging into night,
 In brake or cavern slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad;
 See, from his humble roof the goodman comes

To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
 In holy musing : rapture in his eye
 And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul
 With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise.

Now Industry is up : the village pours
 Her useful sons abroad to various toil ;
 The lab'rer here with ev'ry instrument
 Of future plenty arm'd, and there the swain,
 A rural king amid his subject flocks,
 Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.

The trav'ller, too, pursues his early road
 Among the dews of morn : Aurora calls,
 And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
 With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
 O'er heav'n's pure arch : At once the clouds assume
 Their gayest liv'ries ; these with silv'ry beams,
 Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold,
 And speak their sov'reign's state. He comes ; behold !
 Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life !
 The king of Glory ! round his head divine
 Diffusive show'rs of radiance circling flow,

As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair
 He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
 Where'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe with heav'nly tinctures gay.
 From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain

Half-way up heav'n ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadest shade, and terrac'd round with walks;
Winding and wild, that deep embow'ring rise,
Maze above maze, thro' all its shelter'd height,
From hence th'aërial concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure dress'd;
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess, whose solitary walks
Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bord'ring lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale;
The river's crystal, and the meadow's green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Muse,
Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest heav'n, her thought; to Nature's God;
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sov'reign Bounty, and thro' heav'n and earth
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss:
Him all things own; he speaks, and it is day;
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world; the seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around,

While reason thus and rapture fill the hearty, 124
 Friends of mankind, good angels, hov'ring near,
 Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend,
 And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath, 125
 When scarce the green leaf trembles, thro' her pow'rs
 Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
 And kindle ev'ry virtue into flame.
 Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
 Which Vice ne'er knew! health of th'enliven'd soul,
 And heav'n on earth begun! Thus, ever fix'd 126
 In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
 Deceive mankind, and steal thro' life along,
 As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown.

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun, 130
 Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
 With fierce effulgence. Now th'embow'ring maze
 Of vale sequester'd or the fir-crown'd side
 Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
 Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step 135
 Of musing poet, and secures repose
 To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
 Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
 Sick Nature pants; and from the cleaving earth
 Light vapours, undulating thro' the air, 140
 Contagious fly, engend'ring dire disease,
 Red plague and fever, or in fogs aloft
 Condensing, shew a ruffling tempest nigh.
 And see, exhaling from th'Atlantic surge,

Wild world of waters! distant clouds ascend
In vap'ry confluence, deep'ning cloud on cloud,
Then rolling dust along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon.
Lo! bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand,
In homeward warnings thro' each feeling nerve
Haste from the hour of terror and of storm!
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod;
First in deaf murmurs sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awak'ning awful thoughts
Dumb sadness fills this nether world; the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south, fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil; and, lo! at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day;
Again it flames expansive, sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing, swallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,

From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
 Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore, resound:
 Horror sits shudd'ring in the felon breast,
 And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
 Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view,
 And all is storm within. The murd'rer, pale
 With conscious guilt, tho' hid in deepest shade,
 Hears and flies wild, pursu'd by all his fears,
 And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
 Rise hideous, glaring on him thro' the gloom.

Hark! thro' th' ærial vault the storm, inflam'd,
 Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
 Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst;
 Torn from its base, as if the gen'ral frame
 Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
 With whirlwind wing, in red diffusion flash'd:
 Destruction marks its path. Yon' riven oak
 Is hid in smould'ring fires; surpris'd beneath
 The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
 A livid corse. Yon' cottage flames to heav'n,
 And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
 All horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
 The parent breathless lies, her orphan babes
 Shudd'ring and speechless round.—O Pow'r divine!
 Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of Fate,
 Thy hand, tho' terrible, shall man decide
 If punishment or mercy dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies

Subsides; the thunder's falling roar is hush'd;
At once the clouds fly scatt'ring; and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray, till ev'ry flow'r
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 't is awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger, till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heav'n: on either hand
The woodlands warble, and the vallies low.
So pass the songful hours. And now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red,
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murm'ring to the shore:
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams; part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure; part below
In level lines shoot thro' the waving wood,
Clad half in light and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon' ev'ning clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique tow'rs

With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd,
 Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
 As sportful Fancy lists; till late, the sun
 From human eye behind earth's shading orb
 Total withdrawn, th' aërial landscape fades;

Distinction fails, and in the dark'ning west
 The last light, quiv'ring, dimly dies away.

And now th' illusive flame oft' seen at eve
 Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,

Glides o'er the lawn, betok'ning Night's approach:
 Arising awful o'er the eastern sky

Onward she comes with silent step and slow,
 In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along

The still, the mild, the melancholy, hour,
 And Meditation, with his eye on heav'n.

Musing, in sober mood, of time and life,
 That fly with unreturning wing away

To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
 Eternity! thro' desert ways I walk,

Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shunn'd
 By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,

And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
 With fancy all arous'd.—Far on the left

Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
 The raven's haunt, and down its woody steep

A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
 His sounding waters; white on ev'ry cliff

Hangs the light foam, and sparkles thro' the gloom.

Behind me rises huge a rev'rend pile
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells:
Brooding o'er sightless skulls and crumbling bones 160
Ghastral he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare
(Sad trophies of his pow'r where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column gray with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd, 265
Whose monumental flatt'ry, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon, 270
Glimm'ring her western ray thro' yonder aisle,
Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight Shades! hail, venerable Dome!
By age more venerable; sacred shore, 275
Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
Of suff'ring or of sorrow, shall invade:
The calm sound night of those who rest below:
The weary are at peace; the small and great, 280
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here:
Here sleeps the pris'ner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of Mourning, fearless now

Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
 Proud Greatness, too; the tyranny of pow'r,
 The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
 And name and place, are here—for ever lost!

But, at near distance on the mould'ring wall
 Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
 And fair inscription, where with head inclin'd,
 And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
 Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
 Thyrsis—'t is he! the wisest and the best!
 Lamented Shade! whom ev'ry gift of Heav'n
 Profusely bless'd; all learning was his own;
 Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
 Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear
 His manners greatly plain: a noble grace,
 Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
 Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
 Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright:
 Constant in doing well; he neither sought
 Nor shunn'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
 Near him neglected; sympathizing, he
 Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
 With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.
 'Tis morning, and the sun his welcome light
 Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
 Casts thro' the air, renewing Nature's face
 With heav'n-born beauty: o'er her ample breast,
 O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along

Quick as the darted beam from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm, 315
Region of horrors! here amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial pow'r,
For ever silent, shiv'ring and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the straights surmis'd 320
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glitt'ring waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo! hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, ascend, 325
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable, rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds:
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime, 330
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Advent'rous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Thro' floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east, a path yet unexplor'd. 335

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies
Where Desolation keeps his empty court: 340

No bloom of spring o'er all the thirsty vass,
Nor spiry grass, is found, but sands instead
In steril hills, and rough rocks rising gray.

A land of fears! where visionary forms
Of grisly spectres from air, flood, and fire, 345
Swarm, and before them speechless Horror stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
'The secret hag and forcerer unblest'd
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose; 350
Spoils of the violated grave; and now,
Late, at the hour that fevers night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd ev'ry thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heav'n with haggard gaze, 355
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Op'ning the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs thro' the low'ring sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote 361
Southward I stray, where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd, 365
Pale-glitt'ring with eternal snows to heav'n.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
(Scarce climb to darken, rough with murm'ring woods,

Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wond'ring views 370
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles,
Her mighty continents, outstretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend; and where,
To farthest point of west, Columbus late
Thro' untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown 375
Moor'd his first keel advent'rous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile, world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
Lavish of flow'rs and fragrance, where soft Spring,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.

In these blest'd plains a spacious city spreads
Its round extent magnificent, and seems
The seat of empire: dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze, her tow'ry structures shine,
Elab'rate works of art! each op'ning gate
Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head, and Commerce pours

Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
 How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
 Of lasting blefs secure: yet all muft fail,
 O'erturn'd and loft—nor fhall their place be found.

A fullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
 Arifes inaufpicious o'er the heav'ns.
 The beamlefs fun looks wan; a fighing cold
 Winters the fhadow'd air; the birds on high,
 Shrieking, give fign of fearful change at hand:
 And now, within the bofom of the globe,
 Where fulphur ftor'd and nitre peaceful fleep,
 For ages, in their fubterranean bed,
 Ferments th' approaching tempeft. Vap'ry ftreams,
 Inflammable, perhaps by winds fublim'd,
 Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mafs,
 Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundlefs rage,
 With horror unconceiv'd, diflodged burfts
 Its central prifon—Shook from fhore to fhore
 Reels the broad continent with all its load,
 Hills, forests, cities. The lone defert quakes;
 Her favage fons howl to the thunder's groan,
 And lightning's ruddy glare, while from beneath
 Deaf diftant roarings, thro' the wide profound
 Rueful are heard, as when Defpair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital
 Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
 Cafting dun night and terror o'er the heads
 Of her inhabitants. Aghaft they ftand,

Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around, 423
A moment's dreadful silence! then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo! crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate, roll'd on,
This, that, way burst in waves, by horror wing'd 430
To distant hill or cave, while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vex'd surface rolls a sea:
Ruin ensues; tow'rs, temples, palaces, 435
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—in that universal groan,
Sounding to heav'n, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck! O
Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn 441
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down thro' the gulfs profound,
Screaming, whole crowds of ev'ry age and rank,
With hands to heav'n rais'd high imploring aid, 445
Prone to th' abyss descend, and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her pond'rous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more; part on the wafting wave,
Borne thro' the darkness of th' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood, 450
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shudd'ring band! distraction in each eye.

Stares wildly motionless; they pant, they catch—
 A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
 The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate, 455
 Short interval! a moment's doubtful life:
 For now earth's solid sphere asunder rent
 With final dissolution, the huge mass
 Fails undermin'd—Down, down th' extensive seat
 Of this fair city, down her buildings sink! 460
 Sinks the full pride her ample walls inclos'd,
 In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
 Heav'n's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd
 Image of Nature's gen'ral frame destroy'd!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
 The purposes of Heav'n! At once o'erthrown
 White age and youth, the guilty and the just;
 O seemingly severe, promiscuous fall!
 Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
 The fearful providence, confus'd, subdu'd
 To silence and amazement, with due praise
 Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
 His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look:
 Fields where but late the many-colour'd Spring
 Sat gaily, dress'd amid the vernal breath
 Of roses, and the song of nightingales
 Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die:
 Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
 A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd

In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough encumbrance, or thro' depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd,

Sulphureous damps, of dark and deadly pow'r,
Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret overhead,
Wounding the healthful air, whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks;
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd, or more fatal ill

Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd;
Here into madness work'd and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth; here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing warp'd,
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud,
Now numb'ring up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide thro' her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills
His num'rous seas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, thro' all its dark expanse
In dire commotion boils, and bursting way

Up thro' th' unfounded bottoms of the main,
 Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
 At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
 With raving violence: and now their shores,
 Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
 O'er swelling mound and cliff; now swift and strange,
 With reflux wave retreating leave the beach
 A naked of sands waste—Mean-time, behold!

Yon' neighb'ring mountain rising bleak and bare,
 Its double top in steril ashes hid,
 But green around its base with oil and wine,
 Gives sign of storm and desolation near;
 Storehouse of Fate! from whose infernal womb,
 With fiery min'rals and metallic ore
 Pernicious freight, ascends eternal smoke;
 Now wav'ring loose in air, now borne on high,
 A dusky column height'ning to the sun!
 Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
 The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
 With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
 To sevenfold fury. First discordant sounds,
 As of a clam'ring multitude enrag'd,
 The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds,
 Thro' wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
 Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns:
 Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws
 A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
 In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,

Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day, inflames
 With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts bed
 Of stones and cinders rattling up the air: a flash all
 Instant in one broad burst a stream of fire 340
 Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around, and
 Nor pause nor rest; again the mountain groans, and
 Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook; again
 Again with loud'ning rage, intensely fierce, again
 Disgorges pyramids of quiv'ring flame, and 345
 Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks, and
 Flung out in thund'ring ruins to the sky.

But see! in second pangs the roaring hill
 From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots, and
 Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk, 350
 Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
 On its own base direct, aloft in air,
 Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
 Still as it swells, thro' all the dark extent,
 With wonder seen, ten thousand lightnings play 355
 In flash'd vibrations, and from height to height
 Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
 Protruded by th' explosive breath below,
 At once the shadowy summit breaks away
 To all sides round, in billows broad and black, 360
 As of a turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
 A vap'ry deluge hiding earth and heav'n.

Thus all day long; and now the beamless sun
 Sets as in blood: a dreadful pause ensues,

Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm, 565
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene: suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold! from far,
Imploring Heav'n with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon' peopled city stands, each sadden'd face
Turn'd t'wards the hill of fears; and, hark! once more
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murd'rous hand of War
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once dislodged, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd:
Mean-while the fluid lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide: the lab'ring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer thro' the night to yonder plain:
Divided there, a hundred torrent streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless: villages, and woods, and rocks,

Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
 Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
 Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
 And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
 Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
 Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flow'r, from end to end
 Lies bury'd under fire, a glowing sea

Thus roaming with advent'rous wing the globe,
 From scene to scene excursive, I behold
 In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
 Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
 The sov'reign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
 Who actuates the whole; at whose command,
 Obedient, fire and flood tremendous rise,
 His ministers of vengeance, to reprove
 And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
 His works unnumber'd; and to all proclaim
 Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfined

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating pow'r
 On earth, but chief on high thro' heav'n display'd:
 There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
 Of Majesty divine: refulgent there
 Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
 Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
 And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
 To those bright climes, awak'ning all her pow'rs,

And spreading her unbounded wings, the Muse
 Ascending soars on thro' the fluid space,
 The buoyant atmosphere, whose vivid breath,
 Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
 The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
 Diffus'd with quick'ning energy. Now still,
 From pole to pole th' aerial ocean sleeps,
 One limpid vacancy; now rous'd to rage
 By blust'ring meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud,
 With thund'rous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
 And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
 A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
 Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
 Receding flies approach, its circling arch,
 Alike remote, translucent, and serene
 Glorious expansion! by th' Almighty spread
 Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him
 Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
 And visit'd the host of heav'n around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how small
 The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd
 Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change,
 But here unruffled Calm her even reign
 Maintains external; here the lord of day,
 The neighb'ring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
 Noon without night. Attracted by his beam
 I thither bend my flight, tracing the source of streams
 Where morning springs; whence her innum'rous

Flow lucid forth, and roll thro' trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What pow'r is that which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon' worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the Majesty of heav'n,
Brightness original! all-bounteous king!
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day; whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld

From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque; a space they brood
In congregated clouds, then breaking float
To all sides round: dilated some and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast, till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd, meas'ring thus the time
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb
Fairest of beings! first-created Light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw
In thy pure shine with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes and motions; those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd, the sun's bright train,
Progressive thro' the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bord'ring on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.
Next Venus to the westward of the sun,

Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heav'n's remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise, as thro' the zodiac roll'd;
Full in the middle path oblique the winds
Her annual orb; and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer daylight, whose attractive pow'r
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.
Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun;
About him round four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These in th' horizon slow ascending climb
The steep of heav'n, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Thro' many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre, till they sink involv'd

In total night, and disappear eclips'd;
 By this the sage who, studious of the skies,
 Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
 By this observ'd the rapid progress finds
 Of light itself; how swift the headlong ray
 Shoots from the sun's height thro' unbounded space,
 At once enlightning air, and earth, and heav'n.
 Last utmost Saturn walks his frontier round,
 The boundary of worlds, with his pale moons
 Faint-glimm'ring thro' the darkness Night has thrown,
 Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn;
 An endless desert, where extreme of cold
 Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
 On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
 Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the fight
 Amid these doleful scenes new matter finds
 Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
 On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,
 Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
 Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on
 Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
 Climbs slowly to its height, and at th' approach
 Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
 Draws westward off, till thro' the lucid round
 In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.
 Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
 Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
 Great universal Ruler! earth and heav'n

Are thine spontaneous offspring of thy will,
 Seen with transcendent rapture sublime,
 That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
 By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
 Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
 Thy virtual energy the frame of things
 Pervading a quater; as at first thy hand
 Diffus'd thro' endless space this limpid sky,
 Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
 Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each,
 Observant all of one unchanging law.
 Simplicity divine! by this sole rule
 The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
 Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
 With mutual love, and to their central sun
 All gravitating; now with quicken'd pace
 Descending t'ward the primal orb, and now
 Receding slow, excursive from his bounds,

This spring of motion, this bid pow'r infus'd
 Thro' universal nature, first was known
 To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
 The boast of human race, whose tow'ring thought
 In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
 From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
 Of science, whither mankind from afar
 Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
 By death from frail mortality set free,
 A pure intelligence he wings his way

Thro' wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
 Invisible, amid the gen'ral quire
 Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
 Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes, the soul!
 His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
 For God himself shines forth immediate there,
 Thro' those eternal climes, the frame of things,
 In its ideal harmony, to him
 Stands all reveal'd. —
 But how shall mortal wing
 Attempt this blue profundity of heav'n,
 Unfathomable, endless of extent!
 Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
 Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
 In flaming millions thro' the vacant hung,
 Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
 Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
 Awful their order; each the central fire
 Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
 Solemn and silent, thro' the pathless void
 Nor change nor error knows. But their ways
 By Reason, bold advent'rer, unexplor'd,
 Instructed can declare! What search shall find
 Their times and seasons! their appointed laws;
 Peculiar! their inhabitants of life,
 And of intelligence, from scale to scale
 Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree,
 Numberless orders, each resembling each,

Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height 205
Of wisdom and of pow'r, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders!—Thou! supreme,
First independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human-kind! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heav'n
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires sam'd of old,
Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd
Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds:—with earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small,
Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimm'ring star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,

Amid the northern host; nor with less state,
At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs,
Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
Of Sirius, burning thro' the south of heav'n.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling; wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to heav'n's extreme;
Distinguish'd tract! but as with upward flight

Soaring I gain th' immensurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Thro' these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heav'ns.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone, and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward thro' the universal sphere
Already past; now up to th' heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound!

About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession; here pure scenes of light
Dazzling the view, here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd; there a dying sun
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick vap'ry mists
From ev'ry shore exhaling, mix obscure

Innumerable clouds, dispréading flow,
And deep'ning shade on shade, till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams:
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around, 265
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once invol'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: heav'n itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years:
So this cerulean round, the work divine 270
Of God's own hand, shall fade, and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods; where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, thro' th' immense 275
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths, without resistance all
'Thro' these free spaces borne; of various face, 280
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers;
That thro' the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass 285
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air,
While distant orbs with wonder and amaze
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd

Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
 Whose march is ever fatal, in whose train
 Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,
 Each on his pale horse rides, the ministers
 Of angry Heav'n, to scourge offending worlds!

But, lo! where one from some far world return'd,
 Shines out with sudden glare thro' yonder sky,
 Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
 Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies,
 By some hid pow'r attracted from his path,
 Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
 The devious comet, steep descending falls
 With all his flames, rekindling into life
 Th' exhausted orb; and swift a flood of light
 Breaks forth diffusive thro' the gloom, and spreads
 In orient streams to his fair train afar
 Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
 And wond'ring at the morn's unhop'd return.

In still amazement lost th' awaken'd mind
 Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
 With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
 Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
 Far thro' ethereal ground, the boundless walk
 Of spirits, daily travellers from heav'n,
 Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
 Searching th' almighty Maker in his works
 From worlds to worlds, and in triumphant quire
 Of voice and harp extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! cloth'd with brightness round
Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam;
Their will unerring, their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone; for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more:
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarg'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how these heav'n's first sprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of Heav'n fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear thro' the nations, pestilence and war;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
To thousands: some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, shelt'ring with their guardian wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.

Nor is the sov'reign nor th' illustrious great
Alone their care: to ev'ry less'ning rank
Of worth propitious, these blest'd minds embrace

With universal love the just and good, 345
 Wherever found; unpriz'd; perhaps unknown;
 Depress'd by fortune, and with hate pursu'd,
 Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow,
 Yet dear to Heav'n, and meriting the watch
 Of angels o'er his unambitious walk, 350
 At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
 Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
 With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
 The sin-born vanities and low pursuits
 That busy human-kind; to view their ways
 With pity: to repay for num'rous wrongs
 Meekness and charity: or, rais'd aloft,
 Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
 The circuit of creation, all these suns
 With all their worlds; and still from height to height,
 By things created rising, last ascend
 To that First Cause who made, who governs, all, 361
 Fountain of being, self-existent Power,
 All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
 Endures and fills th' immensity of space; 365
 That infinite diffusion, where the mind
 Conceives no limits; undistinguish'd void,
 Invariable, where no landmarks are,
 No paths to guide imagination's flight. 369

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy; but the Author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in, for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public, though to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or Western isles, that surround one part of Great Britain, it may not be improper to inform the reader that he will find a particular account of it in a little treatise published near half a century ago under the title of *A Voyage to St. Kilda*. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes, at length, the situation, extent, and produce, of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants; a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any perhaps on the face of the whole earth; to whom might have been applied what an ancient

historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours, *Plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.*

They live together as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold, but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor, for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry, and compose not only songs but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock, but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher; however the caverns formed in it (so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised) were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he

had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surpris'd and delighted him; but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he pass'd among their branches they pulled him back again. He had been persuad'd to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters, and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he express'd to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world; for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles II. when those who govern'd Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate, and then plundered, imprison'd, or butchered, them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best

and worthier men were oft' the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of Fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction; and I know that the original is still kept in the Secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second Canto as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this Poem may meet with the Author cannot foresee; and in his humble but happy retirement he needs not be over anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to Nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions, which as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph of poetry, the candour of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA: T

OR,

THE HERMIT.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Addressed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

TO MRS. MALLET.

Thou faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That in sweet union harmonize thy mind;
Here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n prefer'd,
For thee, for him thy gracious Heav'n be heard;
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
Unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine:
So thro' long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;
Till, summon'd late this lower bear'n to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

CANTO I.

FAR in the wat'ry waste, where his broad waves
From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls;
On from the piny shores of Labrador

To frozen Thule east, her airy height
 Aloft to heav'n remotest Kilda lifts, 5
 Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
 In filial train, Britannia's parent coast.
 Thrice happy land! tho' freezing on the verge
 Of Arctic skies, yet blameless still of arts
 That polish to deprave each softer clime, 10
 With simple nature, simple virtue, blest'd!
 Beyond Ambition's walk, where never War
 Uprear'd his sanguine standard, nor unsheath'd,
 For wealth or pow'r, the desolating sword;
 Where Luxury, soft Syren, who around 15
 To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
 Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,
 Is yet a name unknown: but calm content,
 That lives to reason, ancient faith, that binds
 The plain community of guileless hearts 20
 In love and union, innocence of ill
 Their guardian genius; these the pow'rs that rule
 This little world, to all its sons secure,
 Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
 From passion's rage, the body from disease: 25
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
 Firm in each sinew Vigour's pliant spring,
 By temp'rance brac'd to peril and to pain,
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount, 30
 For food or pastime: these light up their morn,

And close their eye in slumber sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of ocean's raging sound: but last and best,
What Av'rice, what Ambition, shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the heav'n-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells and peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of Heav'n and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O whether from the depth
Of ev'ning forest, brown with broadest shade,
Or from the brow sublime of vernal Alp
As morning dawns, or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Thro' bow'ry groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hov'ring spread, and to the gale,
The Boreal spirit breathing lib'ral round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answ'ring cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him bless'd, now wretched and unknown,

Wore out the slow remains of setting life: 60
 In bitterness of thought, and with the fudge,
 And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
 Would often mix—Oft' as remembrance sad
 Th' unhappy past-recall'd, a faithful wife,
 Whom love first chose, whom reason long endear'd,
 His soul's companion and his softer friend, 66
 With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
 Her dawn of op'ning charms, defenceless left
 Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
 By civil madness, by intemp'rate zeal 70
 For diff'ring rites, imbitter'd into hate,
 And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd,
 If this was life, to load the blast with sighs,
 Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
 At midnight hour; for midnight frequent heard 75
 The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
 Pour'd all the husband, all the father, forth
 In unavailing anguish, stretch'd along
 The naked beach, or shiv'ring on the cliff,
 Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm, 80
 Hail, snow, and show'r, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours, till time, the wretch's friend,
 Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
 Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
 And from the brain, with baleful vapours black, 85
 Each sullen spectre chase, his balm at length,
 Lenient of pain, thro' ev'ry sever'd pulse

With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd; as after winds
Of rustling wing the sea subsiding slow 90
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To heav'n his eye, and thro' the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own
Sole arbiter of fate one Cause supreme, 95
All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best
In cloud or sunshine, whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus in his bosom, ev'ry weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge, 100
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand, and in her bright'ning beam
Each error clear'd away, as sen-born fogs
Before th' ascending sun; thro' faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks 105
Of Sin and Death: anticipating heav'n
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore, and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell, where one fair morn
Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring, 110
That fears no storm, and shall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from his breast, 't is for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel, 115

Still suff'ring in his fate; 't is for a foe
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heav'n
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er ev'ry southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year, and in each pleasing hue
That greens the leaf, or thro' the blossom glows
With florid light, his fairest month array'd;
While Zephyr, while the silver-footed Dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flow'ring, betony and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's* spicy root,
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate ev'ry breeze.

But high above the season full exerts
Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aerial state
Annual to sound, and in bold voyage steer

* The root of this plant, otherwise named *argemone sylvestris*, is aromatic, and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 180.

O'er this wide ocean, thro' yon' pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore,
By Heav'n's directive spirit here to raise
Their temporary realm, and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave, 145
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues;
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step, 150
And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves, 155
From pole to pole thro' boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where at large
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport. 160
Amaz'd he gazes, and, adoring, owns
The Hand almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere,
With ev'ry wind to waft large commerce on, 165
Join pole to pole, confociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose

Sweet ev'ning's solemn hour : the sun declin'd 170
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament, 170
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright, 171
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky 172
 With splendour undiminis'd, and each cloud, 173
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne 174
 In fair aërial landscape. Here, alone, 175
 On earth's remotest verge Aurelius breath'd 176
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene 177
 With awe-mix'd pleasure musing as he hung 178
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath; 179
 When, lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks, 180
 Deaf-murm'ring rose, and plaintive roll'd along 181
 From cliff to cavern, as the breath of winds, 182
 At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard 183
 Thro' wintry pines, high waving o'er the steep 184
 Of sky-crown'd Apennine : the sea-pie ceas'd 185
 At once to warble ; screaming from his nest 186
 The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight 187
 From shore to sea : on came, before her hour, 188
 Invading Night ; and hung the troubled sky 189
 With fearful blackness round* : sad Ocean's face 190
 A curling undulation shiv'ry swept 191
 From wave to wave ; and now impetuous rose 192
 Thick cloud and storm, and ruin on his wing, 193
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep 194
 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast. 195

* See *Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 58.

Aloft, and safe beneath a shel'ring cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd,
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thund'ring main,
His eye with mountains surging to the stars,
Commotion infinite. Where yon' last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds,
Yet distant seen and dim, till onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct: with sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought
That Pow'r invokes whose voice the wild winds hear,
Whose nod the surge reverts, to look from heav'n,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
But, O! ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For Death bestrides the billow, nor your own
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant Fate. And, to! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes,
And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,
Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,

Its blackest pinion, pour its loud'ning blasts
 In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth
 Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
 The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
 Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
 Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall,
 And each rent sail flies loose in distant air.
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the found'ring hull
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
 Ah! save them, Heav'n! it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation: shore and sky
 Rebellow to the roar: at once ingulf'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
 Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius wept;
 The tear unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek;
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene,
 And brooding in sad silence, o'er the fight
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
 Pour'd out to Heav'n in sighs: Thy will be done,
 Not mine, supreme Disposer of events!
 But death demands a tear, and man must feel
 For human woes: the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay
 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
 Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate
 Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,

* See *Martin's Voyage to St. Kilda*, p. 20.

Of some unfolding temple: on its height
Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
That o'er the green roof spread their fragrant food
Untended crop. As thro' this tavern'd path,
Involv'd in pensive thought, Aurelius past,
Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
Remurmur'd shrill, he stopp'd, he rais'd his head,
And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
With wonder and with pity bending o'er
A shipwreck'd man. All motionless on earth
He lay: the living lustre from his eye,
The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek,
And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon,
So faintly wan, thro' hov'ring mists at eve,
Gray Autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
The briny wave, and close within his grasp
Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
Had stemm'd the flood with agonizing breast,
And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand,
Where bold proportion and where soft'ning grace
Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius from the breathless clay his eye
To Heav'n, imploring, rais'd; then, for he knew
That life, within her central cell retir'd,
May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,

He bid transport it speedy thro' the vale
 To his poor cell, that lonely stood and low,
 Safe from the north, beneath a sloping hill;
 An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
 On columns rude; its roof with rev'rend moss
 Light-shaded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
 That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand
 They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and sum'd
 The vap'ry air with aromatic smells;
 Then drops of sov'reign efficacy, drawn
 From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
 Slow from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
 Of direful vision, shudd'ring he awakes,
 While life to scarce-felt motion faintly lifts
 His flutt'ring pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
 The rosy current wins its reluctant way.
 Recov'ring to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
 Severe on heav'n, on the surrounding hills
 With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown,
 Dissolv'd in tears around, then clos'd again,
 As loathing light and life. At length in sounds
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
 Distraction spoke—"Down, down with ev'ry fail!
 "Mercy, sweet Heav'n!—Ha! now whole ocean
 sweeps
 "In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
 "We will not part—Help! help! yon' wave, behold!
 "That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight.

"O for a sun to light this black abyfs! 306
"Gone—lost—for ever lost!" He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell,
Whom now with greeting and the words of peace
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensu'd, 310
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful, his ear each murmur, ev'ry breath,
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade 313
The sacred silence due to grief supremè:
Then thus at last; "O from devouring seas
"By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
"Thy sense, return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
"All-wonderful, that thro' yon' raging sea, 320
"Yon' whirling west of tempest, led thee safe,
"That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
"With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
"Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
"Th' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
"And human help in vain—th' almighty Voice 326
"Then bade Destruction spare, and bade the deep
"Yield up its prey; that by his mercy sav'd,
"That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
"A monument of wonder as of love, 330
"May justify to all the sons of men,
"Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
"Such praise delights him most——

"He hears me not. Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
 "Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
 "Thro' the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!
 "Yet speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
 "For know, by mournful privilege 't is mine,
 "Myself most wretched, and in sorrow's ways
 "Severely train'd, to share in ev'ry pang
 "The wretched feel, to sooth the sad of heart,
 "To number tear for tear and groan for groan
 "With ev'ry son and daughter of distress.
 "Speak then, and give thy lab'ring bosom vent
 "My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine,
 "To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
 "Thro' reason's paths, to happiness and heav'n."

The Hermit thus; and, after some sad pause
 Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.
 "What have I hear'd?—On this untravell'd shore,
 "Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
 "Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
 "A comforter to find, whose language wears
 "The garb of civil life; a friend whose breast
 "The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
 "Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
 "Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown!
 "If woes for ever wedded to despair,
 "That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
 "A meet companion; one whom earth and heav'n

" Combine to curse; whom never future morn
" Shall light to joy, nor ev'ning with repose
" Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
" From social converse tho' for ever barr'd,
" Tho' chill'd with endless winter from the pole;
" Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
" Of human woes beyond what milder climes,
" By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
" O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
" Touch'd by a beam from beauty all divine,
" Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
" In pleasing tumult pour'd thro' ev'ry vein,
" And panting at the heart, when first our eye
" Receives impression? then, as passion grew,
" Did Heav'n consenting to thy wish indulge
" That bliss no wealth can bribe, no pow'r bestow,
" That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
" Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
" Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
" If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
" My joys conceiving, image my despair,
" How total! how extreme! for this, all this,
" Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
" Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful Heav'n!
" Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
" Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
" Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd Maid!
" O, most undone Amyntor!"—Sighs and tears,

And heart-heav'd groans, at this his voice suppress'd :
The rest was agony and dumb despair. 391

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimm'ring twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horror closing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt ;
And thus reply'd, as one in nature skill'd,
With soft-assenting sorrow in his look,
And words to sooth not combat hopeless love.

" Amyntor, by that Heav'n who sees thy tears,
" By faith and friendship's sympathy divine,
" Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
" This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
" Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas ! how just ?
" How long in silent anguish to descend,
" When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
" Are fellow-mourners ? He who can resign
" Has never lov'd ; and wert thou to the sense,
" The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
" Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
" No mansion for humanity, or thought
" Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love.
" And tender pity, whose kind tear adorns
" The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
" They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
" For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
" Our social sighs ; and still as Morn unveils

"The bright'ning hill, or ev'ning's misty shade
 "Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 "Her mind all lovely, each ennobling each,
 "Shall be our frequent theme: then shalt thou hear
 "From me, in sad return, a tale of woes
 "So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart,
 "Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 "That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark
 "And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk:
 "Here break we off; and thou, sad Mourner! try
 "Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 "With timely sleep: each gracious wing from heav'n,
 "Of those that minister to erring man,
 "Near-hov'ring, hush thy passions into calm,
 "Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 "Of brightest vision, whisper to thy heart
 "That holy peace which goodness ever shares,
 "And to us both be friendly as we need!

CANTO II.

Now midnight rose, and o'er the gen'ral scene,
 Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
 Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle
 Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd,
 And in mix'd horror to Amyntor's ear
 Borne thro' the gloom, his shrieking sense appall'd.
 Shook by each blast, and swept by ev'ry wave,

Again pale Mem'ry labours in the storm; and all
 Again from her is torn whom more than life adored
 His fondness lov'd. And now another show'r of
 Of sorrow o'er the dear unhappy maid
 Effusive stream'd, till late, thro' ev'ry pow'r
 The soul subdu'd sunk sad to flow repose,
 And all her dark'ning scenes, by dim degrees,
 Were quench'd in total night: a pause from pain
 Not long to last: for Fancy, oft' awake
 While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
 Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
 Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
 To mock with mimic shews. And, lo! the deeps
 In airy tumult swell: beneath a hill
 Amyntor heaves off overwhelming seas,
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
 The billow's back: anon the shadowy world
 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
 Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
 Dumb Silence broods. Thro' heaths of dreary length,
 Slow on he drags his stagg'ring step infirm
 With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
 Roar thro' the wild, and, plung'd in central caves,
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
 Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
 And bright'ning with their glow the brown abyfs,
 Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
 Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,

That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide;
 A spring of sudden myrtles flow'ring round
 Their walk embow'r'd; while nightingales beneath
 Sung spousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls;
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The fair encircled; thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
 "O, turn! O, stay thy flight!"—so loud he cry'd,
 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around; his inward sense
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
 Still on his eye the hov'ring shadow blaz'd;
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear,
 Grateful deception! till returning thought
 Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
 Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
 His grief inflam'd throb fresh in ev'ry vein
 To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
 The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,
 Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound;
 Then scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood,
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor Reason's voice
 Nor ow'd submission to the will of Heav'n
 Restrains him; but as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Tho' passing all belief, the frailer skiff,

To which himself had borne th' unhappy fair,
May yet be seen. Around o'er sea and shore 65
He roll'd his ardent eye, but nought around
On land or wave within his ken appears,
Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
The last sad tear, and lay the cov'ring mold.

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful Hours 70
Heav'n's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
Lifts high o'er earth and sea; while, all unveil'd,
The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great, 75
Magnificently various. From this steep
Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
The northern deep: amidst, from space to space,
Her num'rous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air, 80
Shoot gradual from her bosom; and beyond,
Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
Of ev'ning skies, break forth the dawning hills.
A thousand landscapes, barren some and bare,
Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heav'n, 85
Of horrid grandeur: some with sounding ash,
Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
More lovely in the sun's adorning beam,
Who now, fair rising o'er yon' eastern cliff, 90
The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean-while Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,

Repose that Temp'rance sheds in timely dew
 On all who live to her, his mournful guest
 Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites
 And Virtue's rule enjoin; but first to him,
 Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
 With kindly sense to glow, his matin song,
 Superior duty, thus the sage address'd:

"Fountain of light! from whom yon' orient sun
 "First drew his splendour; Source of life and love!
 "Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
 "The boundless blush of spring; O, First and Best!
 "Thy essence tho' from human sight and search,
 "Tho' from the climb of all created thought
 "Ineffably remov'd, yet man himself,
 "Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
 "Unbounded pow'r, intelligence supreme,
 "The Maker's hand, on all his works impress'd,
 "In characters coëval with the sun,
 "And with the sun to last; from world to world,
 "From age to age, in ev'ry clime, disclos'd,
 "Sole revelation thro' all time the same.
 "Hail, universal Goodness! with full stream
 "For ever flowing from beneath the throne
 "Thro' earth, air, sea, to all things that have life;
 "From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
 "The great community of Nature's sons,
 "To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
 "And in the rev'rent hymn my grateful voice

“ Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
“ Nor lowest, with intelligence inform’d,
“ To know thee and adore; with free-will crown’d,
“ Where Virtue leads to follow and be blest’d.
“ O, whether by thy prime decree ordain’d,
“ To days of future life; or whether now
“ The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
“ Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
“ Thro’ this dark scene of error and of ill,
“ Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer:
“ All else, of me unask’d, thy will supreme
“ Withhold or grant, and let that will be done.”
This from the soul in silence breath’d sincere,
The hill’s steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal’d; such health the frugal board, 135
The morn’s fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life’s best cordial, can thro’ age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon’d, lay
The man unknown, nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais’d his drooping head. Aurelius, mov’d 141
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr’d amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken’d into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began. 145
“ O fight, that from the eye of Wealth or Pride,
“ Ev’n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
“ A feeling tear! whom yesterday beheld

" By love and fortune crown'd, of all possess'd
" That fancy, trac'd in fairest vision, dreams; 150
" Now lost to all, each hope that softens life, [spread,
" Each bliss that cheers; there on the damp earth
" Beneath a heav'n unknown, behold him now!
" And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
" The proud, be taught what now the wretched feel,
" The happy have to fear. O man forlorn! 156
" Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
" To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
" Its tender anguish——"
" Hear me, Heav'n," exclaim'd
The frantic mourner. " Could that anguish rise
" To madness and to mortal agony,
" I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
" From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
" For ever freed. To me the sun is lost; 165
" To me the future flight of days and years
" Is darkness, is despair——But who complains
" Forgets that he can die. O, fainted Maid!
" For such in heav'n thou art, if from thy seat
" Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies, 170
" If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
" A lover and a friend, if yet these names
" Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
" To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
" Thy lifeless limbs, that I——O grief supreme! 175
" O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd

" For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
 " With maiden rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
 " Beneath the hallow'd vault, and, weeping there
 " O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180
 " These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!"
 " Such, and so dire," reply'd the cordial friend
 In Pity's look and language, " such, alas!
 " Were late my thoughts: whate'er the human heart
 " Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair, 185
 " Have all been mine, and with alternate war
 " This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good Youth!
 " My story mark, and from another's fate,
 " Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 " Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear. 190
 " In me a man behold whose morn serene,
 " Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
 " In virtuous purpose or in honest act,
 " Drew fair distinction on my public name
 " From those among mankind, the nobler few, 195
 " Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true source
 " Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 " In home-found peace and love, supremely blest'd!
 " Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 " By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd, 200
 " Our hopes and fears, our earth and heav'n, the same!
 " At last, Amyntor, in my failing age
 " Fall'n from such height, and with the felon herd,
 " Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still

" Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with
 shame! 205
 " Then doom'd to feel what Guilt alone should fear,
 " The hand of public vengeance; arm'd by rage,
 " Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
 " To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend;
 " And all, O sov'reign Reason! all deriv'd 210
 " From pow'r that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
 " A right divine to violate unblam'd
 " Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
 " The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
 " O Charles! O Monarch! in long exile train'd, 215
 " Whole hopeless years th' oppressor's hand to know
 " How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
 " Now hear, thy people, groaning under wrongs
 " Of equal load; adjure thee by those days
 " Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
 " As Heav'n has thine, to pity their distress!
 " Yet from the plain good meaning of my heart
 " Be far th' unhallow'd license of abuse
 " Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal
 " That impious hid behind the patriot's name 225
 " Masks hate and malice to the legal throne;
 " In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws
 " The prince to guard—but guard the people too;
 " Chief one prime good to guard inviolate,
 " Soul of all worthy, and sum of human bliss, 230
 " Fair Freedom! birthright of all thinking kinds,

" Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd;
 " By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
 " Which God who gave indelible pronounc'd;
 " But if, disclaiming this his heav'n-own'd right,
 " This first, best, tenure by which monarchs rule;
 " If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
 " The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject flock,
 " To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
 " Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince
 " Allegiance kept were treason to mankind,
 " And loyalty revolt from virtue's law;
 " For say, Amyntor! does just Heav'n enjoin
 " That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
 " To earthquake or volcano when they rage,
 " Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
 " Ingulf their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell
 " Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land
 " Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
 " Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
 " Of wintry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
 " Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
 " Proclaim'd it loud to heav'n: the arm of Pow'r
 " Extended fatal but to crush the head
 " It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
 " Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
 " The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
 " In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk;
 " Myself, as one contagious to his kind,

" Whom nature, whom the social life, renounc'd, 260
" Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
" To shameful death! adjudg'd; against my head
" The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
" Let loose the murd'rous cry of human hounds:
" And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
" Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
" Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
" Was giv'n in charge; a foe whom blood-stain'd zeal
" For what—O hear it not, all-righteous Heav'n!
" Left thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was deem'd
" Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute
" More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
" To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
" Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
" Familiar, and in each dire art of death
" Train'd ruthless up: as tigers on their prey
" On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
" Devouring fell; nor that sequester'd shade,
" That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
" In happy league had dwelt, which War itself
" Beheld with rev'rence; could their fury'scape;
" Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames;
" For flame and rapine their consuming march
" From hill to vale by daily ruin mark'd.
" So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud,
" Embodiy'd locusts from the wing descend
" On herb, fruit, flow'r, and kill the rip'ning year,

" While, waste behind, destruction on their track
 " And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
 " He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heav'n! do I,
 " A man, survive to tell it? At the hour 291
 " Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 " Of all who saw and curs'd his coward rage,
 " He forc'd, unpitied, from their midnight-bed,
 " By menace, or by torture, from their fears 295
 " My last retreat to learn, and still detains
 " Beneath his roof accurs'd, that best of wives,
 " Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
 " My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there
 " And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought 300
 " Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
 " Discov'ry there once more my peace of mind
 " Might wreck, once more to desperation sink
 " My hopes in Heav'n." He said; but, O sad Muse!
 Can all thy moving energy of pow'r 305
 To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
 With words that weep and strains that agonize;
 Can all this mournful magic of thy voice 308
 Tell what Amyntor feels? " O Heav'n! art thou—
 " What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
 " Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
 " And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
 " No more a father—on that fatal flood
 " Thy Theodora"—At these words he fell;
 A deadly cold ran freezing thro' his veins, 315

And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from heav'n by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immovable, his eye
With terror glaring wild, his stiff'ning limbs 320
In sudden marble bound; so stood, so look'd,
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Thro' all their pow'rs, suspended, and subdu'd 325
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires 330
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—"Me, me," he cry'd, "on me
"Let all thy wrongs be visited, and thus
"My horrors end"—then madly would have plung'd
The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm 336
Aurelius, tho' with deep dismay, and dread,
And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
Collecting, and resuming all himself,
Seiz'd sudden; then perusing with strict eye 340
And beating heart Amyntor's blooming form,
Nor from his air or feature gath'ring aught
To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke:

" O dire attempt! whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 " Thy hand self-violent, nor thus to guilt, 343
 " If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 " A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 " Heav'n has indulg'd no mercy. Sov'reign Judge!
 " Shall man first violate the law divine;
 " That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod, 350
 " Resign'd, unmurm'ring, to await his hour
 " Of fair dismissal hence; shall man do this,
 " Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
 " Red with the sin and recent from the stain
 " Of unrepented blood? Call home thy sense; 355
 " Know what thou art, and own his hand most just
 " Rewarding or afflicting—But say on;
 " My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
 " Recalls thy words, recalls their dire import:
 " They urge me on, they bid me ask no more— 360
 " What would I ask? my Theodora's fate,
 " Ah me! is known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
 " Good Heav'n! beyond all grace— But shall I blame
 " His rage of grief, and in myself admit
 " Its wild excess? Heav'n gave her to my wish; 365
 " That gift Heav'n has resum'd; righteous in both:
 " For both his providence be ever blest'd!
 " By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
 " Amyntor, slow-recover'ing into thought,
 " Submissive on his knee the good man's hand 370
 " Grasped close, and bore with ardour to his lips:

His eye, where fear, confusion, rev'rence, spoke,
 Thro' swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
 Now rose to meet, now shunn'd the Hermit's glance,
 Shot awful at him, till the various swell
 Of passion ebbing, thus he falt'ring spoke: [known?
 "What hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch un-
 "Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
 "Mistaken man! the honour of thy name,
 "Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes. 380
 "I am—Aurelius! turn that look aside,
 "That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
 "Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, Heav'n!
 "Forgive me, Virtue! if I would renounce
 "Whom nature bids me rev'rence—by her bond
 "Rolando's son; by your more sacred ties, 386
 "As to his crimes an alien to his blood;
 "For crimes like his——"
 "Rolando's son! Just Heav'n!
 "Ha! here? and in my pow'r? a war of thoughts,
 "All terrible arising, shakes my frame 391
 "With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
 "The father's heart, tho' seas are spread between,
 "Were great revenge!--Away! revenge? on whom?
 "Alas! on my own soul; by rage betray'd 395
 "Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
 "In him who ruin'd me." Deep-mov'd he spoke,
 And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
 Suspended held; but as the welcome blow,

With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court, 400
 Behold in sudden confluence gath'ring round
 The natives stood, whom kindness hither drew
 The man unknown with each relieving aid
 Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
 To succour and to serve. Before them came 405
 Montano, venerable sage! whose head
 The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
 Had show'r'd, and to whose intellectual eye
 Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
 Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause, 410
 Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
 Amyntor plac'd, to lodge him and secure;
 To save him from himself, as one with grief
 Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep:
 This done, nor waiting for reply, alone 415
 He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

WHERE Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
 With triple fork to heav'n, the mounted sun
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
 His noon-tide ray: and now, in lowing train,
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
 And nodding as they move, their oozy meal,
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,

Around its rocks to graze *; for, strange to tell!
 The hour of ebb, tho' ever varying found,
 As yon' pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times, by Heav'n's own hand,
 To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temp'rate isle,
 All but Aurelius: he, unhappy man!
 By Nature's voice solicited in vain,
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
 'Twas anguish there; 't was here distracting doubt!
 Yet after long and painful conflict borne,
 Where nature, reason, oft' the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of him
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,

* The cows often feed on the *alga marina*, and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood, though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. *Martin's Western Isles of Scotland*, p. 156.

Omnipotent can draw, again resign'd, 31
 Again he sacrific'd to Heav'n's high will
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast,
 The sigh soft mem'ry prompts, the tender tear,
 That streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost 33
 With mournful magic tortures and delights,
 Relieves us while its sweet oppression loads,
 And by admitting blunts the sting of woe.

As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And thro' the darkness shot her sun-bright ray 40
 That strengthens while it cheers, behold from far
 Amyntor slow approaching! on his front
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
 Attraction sweetly sad: his noble port,
 Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd, 43
 And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
 With social softness. Straight before the door
 Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
 In counterview; and thus the youth began:

"With patient ear, with calm attention, mark 50
 "Amyntor's story; then, as Justice sees,
 "On either hand her equal balance weigh,
 "Absolve him or condemn—But, oh! may I
 "A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
 "Unblam'd pronounce? that name to ev'ry son 53
 "By Heav'n made sacred, and by Nature's hand,
 "With honour, duty, love, her triple pale,
 "Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach

"Of each irrev'rent thought.—These eyes, alas!
"The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal 60
"Too near beheld, its madness how extreme,
"How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
"Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
"Train'd on to holy mischief: scene abhorr'd!
"Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name; 65
"Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
"Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
"Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
"That Pow'r whose law is meekness, and for deeds
"That outrage heav'n belying Heav'n's command.
"Flexile of will, misjudging, tho' sincere, 71
"Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
"Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
"His course unjust to violence and rage;
"Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine 75
"Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
"Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,
"Found rev'rence or distinction: yet, sustain'd
"By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
"Their threat'ning fate, imprisonment, and scorn;
"And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdu'd 81
"To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
"With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
"Not built on pride, not courting vain applause;
"But calmly constant, without effort great, 85
"What reason dictates, and what Heav'n approves.

"But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
"Of gracious cadence, of assuasive pow'r,
"My further story clothe? O could I steal
"From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
"Of melting air; or Zephyr's vernal voice,
"Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
"To liquid blandishment his ev'ning lay,
"All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
"Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell
"How unperceiv'd and secret thro' his breast,
"As morning rises o'er the midnight shade,
"What first was ow'd humanity to both,
"Assisting piety and tender thought,
"Grew swift and silent into love for one;
"My sole offence—if love can then offend
"When virtue lights and rev'rence guards its flame.
"O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
"That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
"Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
"Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
"That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
"For all in thee was native; from within
"Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
"From its unfailing source! and then, too, seen
"In milder lights; by Sorrow's shading hand
"Touch'd into pow'r more exquisitely soft,
"By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress
"O sweetness without name! when Love looks on

" With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
 " Endears, ennobles, her whom Fate afflicts,
 " Or Fortune leaves unhappy! passion then
 " Refines to virtue; then a purer train
 " Of heav'n-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 " By self-regard, or thought of due return,
 " The breast expanding, all its pow'rs exalt
 " To emulate what reason best conceives
 " Of love celestial, whose prevenient aid
 " Forbids approaching ill, or gracious draws,
 " When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
 " From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe
 " By this plain courtship of the honest heart
 " To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
 " The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
 " Would oft' admit; would oft' endearing crown
 " With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
 " In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
 " To mutual love. O Fortune's fairest hour!
 " O seen, but not enjoy'd; just hail'd and lost
 " Its flatt'ring brightness! Theodora's form
 " Event unfeard had caught Rolando's eye;
 " And love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
 " By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
 " Profanes not; love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
 " To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
 " Reluctant to proceed; and filial awe
 " With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime

"The veil of silence and oblivious night
"Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
"Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe 145
"Dash'd with indignant scorn each harbour'd thought
"Of soft emotion or of social sense,
"Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
"That bigot rage imbosoms, fled at once,
"And all the savage reassum'd his breast. 150
" "'Tis just," he cry'd; "who thus invites disdain,
"Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
"Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
"And, greatly daring, dignify the deed. 154
"When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
"Thine from dissembling, from base flatt'ry mine,
"Shall be my care." This threat, by brutal scorn
"Keen'd and imbitter'd, terrible to both,
"To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
"The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame 160
"Had prey'd unseen, now deep thro' all her pow'rs
"Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
"Sick'ning, she sunk beneath this double weight
"Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
"Aurelius! O most injur'd of mankind! 165
"Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
"To woe new anguish? and to grief despair—
"She is no more——"
"O Providence severe!"
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd; 170

But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief, and to the Will supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature tho' assail'd, 175
Escap'd his lips: "What! shall we from Heav'n's
" With life receiving happiness, our share
" Of ill refuse? and are afflictions aught
" But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
" Medicinal tho' bitter, and prepar'd 180
" By Love's own hand for salutary ends:
" But were they ill indeed, can fond Complaint
" Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
" This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
" Back to yon' eastern coast, and bring again 185
" The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
" Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
" To light and life restore? Bless'd Pair! farewell!
" Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
" Of human fondness fighting in the breast, 190
" And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle Youth!
" And let me call thee Son, (for, O! that name
" Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
" Of pains for me too sadly have deserv'd)
" On with thy tale: 't is mine when Heav'n afflicts
" To hearken and adore." The patient man 196
Thus spoke; Amyntor thus his story clos'd:
" As dumb with anguish round the bed of death

" Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
 " Her closing eyes, then fixing, in cold gaze,
 " On Theodora's face—' O save my child!
 " She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
 " Without a groan, a pang: In hallow'd earth
 " I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
 " Her shade receive, and with the truest tears
 " Affection ever wept her dust bedew'd.
 " What then remain'd for honour or for love?
 " What, but that scene of violence to fly,
 " With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
 " Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour,
 " When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
 " With drowfiest influence reign, the waning moon
 " Ascending mournful in the midnight sphere,
 " On that drear spot within whose cavern'd womb
 " Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils
 " Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
 " I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
 " With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
 " Pour'd on us; sadly-solemn, I too bent
 " My trembling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand
 " Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
 " By night's pale regent! by yon' glorious train
 " Of ever-moving fires that round her burn!
 " By Death's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
 " That once was man, now mould'ring here below!
 " But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb

"Rev'rent we kneel and by her nobler part,
 "Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 "As witness to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
 "Nor aught but Death's inevitable hand,
 "Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence,
 "To where, safe station'd in a secret bay,
 "Rough of descent, and brown with pendant pines
 "That mutmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 "We staid—But, O my father! can I speak
 "What yet remains? yon' ocean, black with storm,
 "Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine!
 "The speechless crew aghast! and that lost fair
 "Still, still I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
 "And hear her voice, in ardent vows to Heav'n
 "For me alone prefer'd; as on my arm
 "Expiring, sinking, with her fears she hung
 "I kiss'd her pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
 "And won at last with sums of proffer'd gold,
 "The boldest mariners this precious charge
 "Instant to save, and in the skiff secur'd,
 "Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 "With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 "To follow her—That moment from the deck
 "A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf;
 "Nor me alone; its broad and billowing sweep
 "Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious Heav'n!
 "My fatal love on her devoted head
 "Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due

: naged and, yaidgd, bna, Kagg endura

"To me and mine; or was Amyntor sav'd by
 "For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 "For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 "And years of death to come?"—No farther voice
 Nor flowing tears his high-ventured grief supply'd;
 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
 To heav'n uplifted, motionless and mute to
 He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair;
 The lamp of day, tho' from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardour, shon on earth
 Oppressive brightness round, till in soft beam,
 From Ocean's bosom his light vapours draw,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky
 Their veil diffusive spread, the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing vale and plain and dazzling hill,
 Aurelius with his guest the western cliff
 Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Roll'd sounding forth, and where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject is
 Her village capital, where Health and Peace
 Are tutelary gods, her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple-rood,
 Where Piety, nor Pride, adoring kneels,
 Lay full in view, from scene to scene around
 Aurelius gaz'd, and, sighing, thus began:

"Not we alone; alas! in every thine soul art
 "The human race and sons of sorrow born; and 283
 "Heirs of transmitt'd labour and disease; and 284
 "Of pain and grief; from fire to sea deriv'd, and 285
 "All have their mournful portion; all must bear
 "Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state, and 286
 "Vicissitude of sufferings:—Ere thine eye views and 287
 "Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
 "Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose lap; and 288
 "From hence due east,"—Amyntor look'd; and saw,
 Not without wonder at a sight so strange, and 289
 Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
 With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd and 290
 For future harvest: These the trenchant spade, and 291
 To turn the mould and break th' adhesive clods, and 292
 Employ'd affidans; those, with equal pace, and 293
 And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white and 294
 With fruitful Ceres; while, in train behind, and 295
 Three more th' imprudent harrow heavy on and 296
 O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task, and 297
 "Behold!"—Aurelius thus his speech renew'd, and 298
 "From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd and 299
 "For toils like these, the task of rougher man, and 300
 "What yet necessity demands sever'd, and 301
 "Twelve fairs have purpled these encircling hills and 302
 "With orient beams, at many nights along and 303
 "Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil and 304
 "Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour, and 305

" The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
 " For both must labour, lanch'd, in quest of food,
 " Their island-skiff advent'rous on the deep;
 " Them, while the sweeping net secure they plumb'd
 " The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 " Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
 " As annual on from shore to shore they move
 " In wat'ry caravan; them, thus intent,
 " Dark from the south a gulf of furious wing,
 " Upspringing, drove to sea, and left in tears
 " This little world of brothers and of friends;
 " But when, at ev'ning hour, disjointed planks,
 " Borne on the surging tide, and broken dars,
 " To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
 " The wreck before furmis'd, one gen'ral groan
 " To heav'n ascending, spoke the gen'ral breast
 " With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
 " Thro' these hoarse rocks on this resounding shore,
 " At morn was heard; at midnight, too, were seen
 " Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height
 " The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 " With eager gaze—till from yon' lesser isle
 " Yon' round of moss-clad hills, Borrera nam'd
 " Full north, behold! above the soaring lark
 " Its dizzy cliffs aspite, hung round and white
 " With curling mists—at last from yon' hear hills,
 " Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze
 " And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,

"Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
 "Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 "Successive kindled, and from night to night
 "Renew'd continuous joy, with wild excess,
 "Took her gay turn to height, and Nature now
 "From rapture wept; yet overabundant
 "By sad conjecture dash'd, and anxious thought
 "How from you' rocky prison to release
 "Whom the deep sea immur'd (their only boat
 "Destroy'd) and whom the inevitable siege
 "Of hunger must assault; but hope sustains
 "The human heart; and now their faithful wives,
 "With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
 "On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare
 Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself;
 On his sorer fate, now pondering deep,
 Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left,
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale,
 That cop'd with ev'ning blood a thousand wings,
 The summer nations of these pregnant cliffs
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage, or in wild notes hail'd
 The Author who relates this story adds, that the produce
 of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for
 many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western
 Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

His parent-beam that animates and cheers 365
 All living kinds : he, glorious from amidst
 A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush; a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight! 370
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, thro' other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and fabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair! 375
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd with wond'ring; for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld; at once to heav'n, as seem'd,
 One gen'ral hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise;
 Then slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps : 385
 Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid,
 As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
 Or plung'd in grief profound—"Oh! all ye Pow'rs!"
 Amyntor, startling, cry'd, and shot his soul 395
 In rapid glance before him on her face :

" Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
 " Runs chill; my feet are rooted here—and, see!
 " To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
 " The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
 " Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 " Presenting oft' in pictur'd vision strange
 " The dead or absent, have yon' shape adorn'd,
 " So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
 " Embody'd, featur'd, it with all her charms—
 " And, lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
 " With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
 He ran, he flew; his clasping arms receiv'd
 Her sinking weight—"O earth, and air, and sea!
 "'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Pow'r divine,
 " Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
 " Omnipotent in mercy!" As he spoke,
 Adown his cheek, thro' shivering joy and doubt,
 The tear fast-falling stream'd—"My love! my life!
 " Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith
 " Return to life and me! O fly, my friends,
 " Fly, and from yon' translucent fountain bring
 " The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 " Than all the sumless wealth this sea contains,
 " My Theodora! yet awake: 'tis I,
 " 'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!" At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge
 Of death recall'd, she, trembling, rais'd her eyes;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwined,

And murmur'd out his name; then sunk again;
 Then syfoon'd upon his bosom thro' excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
 The rosebud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
 Moments of dread suspense—bèd soon to cease
 For now, while on her face these men unknown
 The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
 His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
 Beheld in them—his friends! the advent'rous few,
 Who bore her to the skill whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep! As o'er her cheek
 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple, from their lips he learn'd
 How to yon' isle, yon' round of moss-clad hills,
 Bore a main'd, before the tempest borne,
 These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
 (So Heav'n ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelf and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe—He heard no more;
 The rest already known, his ev'ry sense,
 His full-collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd; was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
 This voic, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear
 “Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
 “My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?

"Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed hold
 "Thy real form infold? Thou dreadful deep!
 "Ye shores unknown! ye wild-impending hills
 "Dared I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
 "Is he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,
 "Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
 "How vent the boundless transport that expands
 "My lab'ring thought! thine utterable bliss,
 "Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death
 "The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support
 "This swimming brain; I would not now be torn
 "Again from life and thee, nor cause thy heart
 "A second pang." At this dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent
 Now found, and broke in tender dew away
 Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
 With shelt'ring wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian genius hovers, so the youth,
 On her lov'd face assiduous and alarm'd,
 In silent fondness dwelt, while all his soul
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for here
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast
 Attempting, to compose, and gradual fit
 For further joy her soft impressiv' frames
 "O happy! tho' as yet thou know'st not half
 "The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,

" Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love; " *481*
 " For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast " *482*
 " With that best temperance, which from fond excess;
 " When rapture lifts to daunt'ous height its powers;
 " Reflective guards. Know then—land let calm
 " thought " *483*
 " Oh wonder wait—safe refuge in this isle, woe " *484*
 " Thy godlike father lives! and, dost—but curb " *485*
 " Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
 " 'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
 " The mountain's side descend "—Abrupt from his
 Her hand she drew, and, as on wings upborne,
 Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew,
 Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 His Theodora! To his arms he rais'd
 The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
 " My father! "—
 " O my child! "—
 Nor more: the rest in silence spoke,
 And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this bless'd scene,
 Where emulous in either bosom above
 Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air, with trembling
 Around with soft'ning aspects seem'd to smile,
 And Heav'n, approving, look'd delighted down
 Nor theirs alone this blissful hour, the joy
 With instant flow, from shore to shore along
 Diffusive ran, and all the exulting isle
 About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad.

To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd!
 In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept;
 While each a fire, a husband, or a friend
 Embracing held and kiss'd;
 Now, while the song,
 The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
 What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
 Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
 Aloud to heav'n, Montago, thy rend'ring
 (Whose eye prophetic far thro' time's abyss
 Could shoot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
 Yet immature and in their causes hid,
 Ushurin'd see) a space abstracted stood;
 His frame with shiv'ry horror stirr'd;
 From outward vision held, and all the many
 Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
 On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,
 And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

"They fly!" he cry'd, "they melt in air away,
 "The clouds that long fair Albion's heav'n o'ercast!
 "With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd,
 "Her drooping plains; while dawning rosy round
 "A purer morning lights up all her skies! 526
 "He comes, behold! the great deliv'rer comes!
 "Immortal William! borne triumphant on,
 "From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
 "White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet, 530
 "A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!

" See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies! o' T
 " Before his prow, commands the speeding gales: n
 " To waft him on, and o'er the hero's head, W
 " Inwreath'd with olive, bears the laurel crown; 335
 " Bless'd emblem, peace with liberty restor'd! Now
 " And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
 " To welcome in true freedom's day renew'd W
 " What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius! man! B
 " By Heav'n belov'd, thou, too, that sacred sun 40
 " Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine! W
 " I see thee on the flow'ry lap diffus'd C
 " Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race Y
 " From this bless'd pair to spring; whom equal faith,
 " And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold 45
 " From youth to rev'rend age, the calmer hours
 " Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn; in
 " Thro' life thy comfort, and in death thy crown! 50
 And glowing radiant to his central light,
 " "T hey fly!" he cry'd; " they melt in air away,
 " The clouds that long lain Aëdon's heav'n o'ercast!
 " With tempest delug'd, or with flame hurl'd;
 " Her drooping plains; while dawning rays round
 " A purer morning light up all her skies;
 " He comes; behold! the great deity's command
 " Immortal William! borne triumphant on
 " From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
 " While with the hills of his unnumber'd steeps
 " A floating forest, stretch'd in more or more

TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADDRESSED TO
A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

Advertisement.

THE following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which by every man in his dominions would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the sort, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this, however unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them; it will at the same time be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

March 3. 1761.

" * * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William III. for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour, but notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

" I look upon the independency and uprightness of the Judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects, and as most conducive to the honour of the crown; and I come now to commend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament, in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, for securing the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise."

TO THE AUTHOR

OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It has no faults, or I no faults care say:

It is all beauty, or all blindness I.

Imprimatur, meo periculo.

CHESTERFIELD.

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,

L.

Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there,
Till finding earth by Heav'n unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,

Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew;
There, station'd in the Virgin sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if at times she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd,
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the Virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains; but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a throne;
What fables paint, what poets sing,

She found in fact—a patriot-king!

But as a sight so nobly new
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view,
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift thro' furrounding shades of night
The goddess shot her beamy flight:
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her fav'rite where he lay.

In sweet repose; o'er all his face;
 Repose shed softer bloom and grace;
 But fearful lest her sun-bright glaze,
 Too soon might wake him into care,
 (For splendid toils and weary state
 Are ev'ry monarch's envy'd fate)
 The stream of circling rays to shroud,
 She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprise
 She gaz'd him o'er; she saw arise,
 For gods can read the human breast,
 Her own idea there impress;
 And that his plan to bless mankind,
 The plan now bright'ning in his mind,
 May story's whitest page adorn,
 May shine thro' nations yet unborn,
 She calls Urania to her aid.

At once the fair ethereal maid,
 Daughter of Memory and Jove,
 Descending quits her laurell'd grove,
 Loose to the gale her azure robe,
 Borne in her left a starry globe,
 Where each superior son of fame
 Will find inscrib'd his deathless name;
 Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
 To praise true merit, or inspire,
 "Behold"—Astræa thus began—
 "The friend of virtue and of man;

" Calm reason see in early youth!
 " See in a prince the soul of truth!
 " With love of justice, tender scorn,
 " For suffering worth and innocence;
 " Who means to build his happy reign
 " On this best maxim, wise and plain—
 " Tho' plain, how seldom understood!
 " That to be great he must be good;
 " His breast is open to your eyes;
 " Approach, Urania! mark, and try:
 " This bosom needs no thought to hide;
 " This virtue dares our search abide;
 " The sacred fountains to secure
 " Of Justice, undisturb'd and pure
 " From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
 " To ruffle or to stain their course
 " That these may flow serene and free;
 " The law must independent be;
 " Her ministers, as in my sight,
 " And mine alone dispensing right;
 " Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
 " As honour just, as truth sincere,
 " With temper firm, with spirit sage,
 " The Mansfields of each future age
 " And this prime blessing is to spring
 " From youth in purple from a king
 " Who, true to his imperial trust—
 " His greatness founds in being just;

" Prepares, like yon' ascending sun,
 " His glorious race with joy to run,
 " And where his gracious eye appears,
 " To bless the world he lights and cheers.
 " Such worth with equal voice to sing,
 " Urania! strike thy boldest string,
 " And Truth, whose voice alone is praise,
 " That here inspires shall guide the lays.
 " Begin! awake his gentle ear
 " With sounds that monarchs rarely hear:
 " He merits, let him know our love,
 " And you record what I approve."

She ended; and the heav'n-born maid
 With soft surprise his form survey'd:
 She saw what chastity of thought
 Within his stainless bosom wrought,
 Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
 And, pausing, offer'd this reply.

" Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art;
 " Such truths should to the world impart:
 " My task is but in simple verse
 " These promis'd wonders to rehearse;
 " And when on these our verse we raise,
 " The plainest is the noblest praise.

" Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains;
 " Would such a prince permit my strains?
 " Deserving, but still shunning fame,
 " The homage due he might disclaim.

" A prince who rules to save mankind; 113
 " His praise would in their virtue find; 114
 " Would deem their strict regard to gold; 115
 " Their faith and worth; his best applause; 116
 " Then, Britons! your just tribute bring 117
 " In deeds, to emulate your king; 118
 " In virtues, to redeem your age; 119
 " From venal views and party rage; 120
 " On his example safely rest; 121
 " He calls, he courts, you to be blest; 122
 " As friends, as brethren, to unite 123
 " In one firm league of just and right; 124
 " My part is lost; if Britain yet end; 125
 " A lover boasts of truth and wit; 126
 " To him these grateful lays to send; 127
 " The monarch's and the Muse's friend; 128
 " And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes, 129
 " My voice may give to latest times; 130
 " She said; and after thinking o'er 131
 The men in place near half a score 132
 To strike at once all scandal mute; 133
 The goddess found and fix'd on Bute. 134
 " And when on these our verse we raise, 135
 " The blindest is the noblest praise. 136
 " Yet more, a virtuous donor remains; 137
 " Would such a prince begin my strain? 138
 " Deserving, but still deserving same. 139
 " The homage due he might disdain. 140

THE REWARD

OR

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

APOLLO, from the southern sky,
 O'er London lately glanc'd his eye;
 Just such a glance our courtiers throw
 At suitors whom they shun to know:
 Or have you mark'd the wretched mien
 The chest erect, the freezing look;
 Of Bumbo when a bard is seen
 Charg'd with his Dedication-book?
 But gods are never in the wrong;
 What then displeas'd the pow'r of Song?
 The case was this: Where noble arts
 Once flourish'd as our fathers tell us,
 He now can find, for memos parts,
 None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
 Since drums, and dice, and dissipation,
 Have chas'd all taste from all the nation;
 For is there now one table spread
 Where Sense and Science may be fed?
 Where, with a smile on ev'ry face,
 Invited Merit takes his place?

These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
 (For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
 And left him on the point to shroud
 His head in one eternal cloud;
 When, lo! his all-discerning eye
 Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
 Just crept abroad, as is his way,
 To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
 To ev'ry interposing cloud,
 And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
 That he might warm his good old friend;
 Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
 Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song:
 "With talents, such as God has given
 "To common mortals, fix in seven
 "Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
 "And govern whom they should obey;
 "With no more frailties than are found
 "In thousand others; count them round
 "With much good will, instead of parts;
 "Express'd for artists and for arts;
 "Who smiles if you have smartly spoke,
 "Or nods applause to his own joke;
 "This bearded child, this gray-hair'd boy,
 "Still plays with life as with a toy;
 "Still keeps amusement full in view
 "Wife? Now and then—but oft'ner new;

" His coach, this hour, at Watson's door, b6A
 " The next in waiting on a whore, b7A
 " Whene'er the welcome tidings ran, b8A
 " Of monster stranger, of stranger man, b9A
 " A Selkirk from his desert isle, b10A
 " Or alligator from the Nile, b11A
 " He saw the monster in its shrine, b12A
 " And had the man next day to dine, b13A
 " Or was it an Hermaprodite? b14A
 " You found him in a two-fold hurry, b15A
 " Neglecting for this he the sight, b16A
 " The single charms of Fanny Murray, b17A
 " Gath'ring from suburb and from city, b18A
 " Who were, who would be, wise or witty, b19A
 " The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions, b20A
 " The bags of maggot and new notions, b21A
 " The sage, off microscopic eye, b22A
 " Who reads his lectures on a fly, b23A
 " Grave antiquaries with their flanges, b24A
 " And poets squirting epigrams, b25A
 " With some few lords of those that think, b26A
 " And dip, at times, their pen in ink, b27A
 " Nay, ladies too, of diverse name, b28A
 " Who all and are not of the game, b29A
 " For he has look'd the world around, b30A
 " And pleasure in each quarter found, b31A
 " Now young, now old, now grave, now gay, b32A
 " He sinks from life by soft decay, b33A

" And sees at hand, without affright,

" Th' inevitable hour of night,"

But here some pillar of the state,

Whose life is one long dull debate;

Some pedant of the sable gown,

Who spares no failings but his own,

Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow;

Is this a subject for Apollo?

What! can the god of Wit and Verse

Such trifles in our ears rehearse?

" Know, Puppies! this man's easy life,

" Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,

" Was oft' employ'd in doing good,

" A science you ne'er understood;

" And charity, ye sons of Pride!

" A multitude of faults will hide,

" I at his board more sense have found

" Than at a hundred dinners round

" Taste, learning, mirth, my western eyes

" Could often there collected spy;

" And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,

" Revolving what was sung or said.

" And he, who entertain'd them all

" With much good-liquor strong and small,

" With food in plenty, and a welcome,

" Which would become my Lord of Melcombe,"

* This poem was certainly written in 1757, but the reader has only to remember that Apollo is the god of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. *Mallet.*

" Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
 " Whose wit well-tim'd, and sense well reason'd,
 " Give Burgundy a brighter stain, 105
 " And add new flavour to Champaign—
 " Shall this man to the grave descend
 " Unown'd, unhonour'd, as my friend?
 " No; by my deity I swear,
 " Nor shall the vow be lost in air: 110
 " While you, and millions such as you,
 " Are sunk for ever from my view,
 " And lost in kindred darkness lie,
 " This good old man shall never die:
 " No matter where I place his name,
 " His love of learning shall be fame. 116

THE DISCOVERY.

Upon reading some verses written by a young lady at a boarding-school, September 1760.

APOLLO lately sent to know
If he had any sons below,
For by the trash he long has seen
In male and female Magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race must be extinct he thought.

His messenger to court repairs,
Walks softly with the crowd up stairs;
But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers sneer'd both young and old:
Augustus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That, from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card,
But not one word of verse or hard,

The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,
His courier now past frowning by;
Ye modern Durseys tell us why.

Slow to the City last he went;

25

There all was prose of *cast per line*

There alley-*omnium*, *script*, and *bonus*,

(Latin for which a Muse would stone us,

Yet honest Gideon's classic style)

Made our poor nuncio stare and smile.

30

And now the clock had struck eleven,

The messenger must back to heav'n:

But just as he his wings had try'd,

Look'd up Queensquare, the North-east side.

A blooming creature there he found,

35

With pen and ink, and books around,

Alone, and writing by a taper;

He read unseen, then stole her paper.

It much amus'd him on his way,

And reaching heav'n by break of day,

40

He shew'd Apollo what he stole;

The god perus'd, and tak'd the whole;

Then calling for his pocket-book,

Some right celestial vellum took,

And what he with a sun-beam there

45

Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:

"If I no men my sons must call,

"Here's one fair daughter worth them all:

"Mark then the sacred words that follow,

49

"Sophia's mine"—so sign'd

APOLLO.

His fly upon the classic wheel
Could all a human's mind feel

TYBURN.

TO THE MARINE SOCIETY.

Advertisement.

THE design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment: but, to take off from the harshness of a direct compliment, I have, through the whole poem, loaded their institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility. By authentic accounts it appears that, from the first rise of this Society to the present year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out, for the sea-service, 3452 grown men, 4511 boys, in all 7963 persons; whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

It has been, all examples shew it,
 'The privilege of ev'ry poet;
 From ancient down thro' modern times,
 To bid dead matter live in Rhyme;
 With wit enliven senseless rocks,
 Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
 Make buzzards senators of note,
 And rooks harangue that geese may vote.

These moral fictions, first design'd
 To mend and mortify mankind,
 Old Æsop, as our children know,
 Taught twice ten hundred years ago,
 His Fly upon the chariot-wheel
 Could all a statesman's merit feel,

And, to its own importance just,
Exclaiming, with Buford, "What a dust!"
His Horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
"Lord love us, how we apples swim!"

But farther instances to cite
Would tire the hearer's patience quite.

No; what their numbers and their worth;
How these admire while these hold forth,
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffeehouses tell,
Where England, thro' the world renown'd,
In all its wisdom may be found;
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce.

Why should the gentle reader stare?
Are wooden orators so rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder:
So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation
That sober sense is sure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason
For using, what God gave him, reason.

"A pox of all this prefacing!"
Smart Balbucrie, come, name the thing; mine

"That such there are we all agree: and shou-

"What is this wood?" Why—Tyburn-tree, in

Hear then this rev'rend oak harangue;

Who makes men do so ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggrieved, woe;

"Of right complaints to be reliev'd should woe;

"When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat, from

"That few folks could afford to eat, let

"(Just as when doctors' fees run high

"Few patients can afford to die)

"The poor durst into murmurs break;

"For losers must have leave to speak;

"Then from reproaching fell to mauling

"Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.

"As these again, their knives and letters,

"Durst vent complaints against their betters,

"Whose only crime was in defeating

"Their schemes of growing rich by cheating;

"So shall not I my wrongs relate,

"An injur'd minister of state?

"The finisher of care and pain

"May sure with better grace complain;

"For reasons no less strong and true

"Marine Society of you; but God gave

" Of you, as ev'ry carman knows,
 " My latest and most fatal foe;
 " My property you basely steal;
 " Which ev'n a British Oak can feel;
 " Feel and resent; what wonder then
 " It should be felt by British men;
 " When France, insulting, durst invade;
 " Their clearest property of trade;
 " For which both nations at the bar
 " Of that supreme tribunal War,
 " To show their reasons have agreed,
 " And lawyers by ten thousands fed;
 " Who now for legal quirks and puns
 " Plead with the rhet'ric of great guns,
 " And each his client's cause maintains
 " By knocking out th' opponent's brains;
 " While Europe all—But we adjourn
 " This wise digression, and return
 " Your rules and statutes have undone me;
 " My surest cards begin to shun me;
 " My native subjects dare rebel,
 " Those who were born for me and hell;
 " And but for you the scoundrel line
 " Had ev'ry mother's son dy'd mine;
 " A race unnumber'd as unknown,
 " Whom town or suburb calls her own;
 " Of vagrant love the various spawn,
 " From rage and filth, from lace and lawn;

- " Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches; 10
 " Where peer and porter meet their wench; 11
 " For neither health nor frame can wear us 12
 " From mixing with the insid'g Venus; 13
 " Nor let my clisb here forget; 14
 " They know to sin as well as I; 15
 " When Night-demiure walks forth, array'd 16
 " In her thin negligee of shade; 17
 " Late-risen from their long regale 18
 " Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale; 19
 " Abroad the Common-council fully 20
 " To poach for game in lane or alley; 21
 " This gets a son, whose first essay 22
 " Will filch his father's till away; 23
 " A daughter that, who may retire, 24
 " Some few years hence, with her own fire; 25
 " And while his hand is on her placket 26
 " The filial virtue picks his pocket. 27
 " Change-alley, too, is grown so nice, 28
 " A broker dares refine on vice; 29
 " With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows, 30
 " In her own arms he cuckold's spouse; 31
 " For young and fresh while he would wish her, 32
 " His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher; 33
 " Or after nobler quarry running, 34
 " Profanely paints her out a Gunning. 35
 " Now these, of each degree and sort, 36
 " At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court, 37

"Bred up for me, no swear and lie, and
 "To laugh at hell, and Heav'n defy;
 "These, Tyburn's regimented train,
 "Who risk their necks to spread my reign;
 "From age to age, by right divine,
 "Hereditary rogues, were mine;
 "And each, by discipline severe,
 "Improv'd beyond all shame and fear;
 "From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
 "My constant friend the good Old Bailey
 "To me made sweet, late or soon;
 "I think, at latest, once a moon;
 "But by your interloping care,
 "Not one in ten shall be my share;
 "Ere 't is too late your error see,
 "You face to Britain and to me!
 "To me, agreed—but to the nation—
 "I prove it thus by demonstration:
 "First, that there is much good in ill
 "My great apostle Mandeville
 "Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
 "His moral Fable of The Bees;
 "Our rev'rend clergy next will own,
 "Were all men good their trade were gone;
 "That were it not for useful vice—
 "Their learned pains would bear no price;
 "Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
 "To their demonstrated alliance.

" Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
 " Of individuals, Jack and Job;
 " Now these, our sov'reign lords the rabble,
 " For ever prone to growl and squabble;
 " The monstrous many-headed beast,
 " Whom we must not offend, but feast,
 " Like Cerberus, should have their sop;
 " And what is that but trussing up
 " How happy were their hearts, and gay,
 " At each return of hanging-day;
 " To see Page * swinging they admire,
 " Beyond ev'n Madox * on his wire;
 " No baiting of a bull or bear
 " To Perry * dangling in the air;
 " And then the being drunk a week
 " For joy some Sheppard * would not squeak;
 " But now that those good times are o'er,
 " How will they mutiny and roar;
 " Your scheme absurd of sober rules
 " Will sink the race of men to mules;
 " For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
 " For ever for the public toiling;
 " Hard masters! who, just when they need 'em,
 " With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.
 " Yet more—for it is seldom known
 " That fault or folly stands alone—

* As these are all persons of note, and well known to our readers, we think any more particular mention of them unnecessary. *Mallet.*

" You next debauch their infant-minds: then next
 " With fumes of honourable winds: then next
 " Which must begot, in heads untry'd, the seed of
 " That worst of human vices, pride: then next
 " All who my humble paths forsake: then next
 " Will reckon each to be a Blake: then next
 " There on the deck, with arms a-kimbo, yet
 " Already struts the future Bembow: then next
 " By you bred up to take delight in
 " No earthly thing but oaths and fighting: then next
 " These sturdy sons of blood and blows: then next
 " By pulling Monsieur by the nose, then next
 " By making kicks and cuffs the fashion, then next
 " Will put all Europe in a passion: then next
 " The grand alliance, now quadruple, then next
 " Will pay us homage, just as circumstances will: then next
 " So the French king was heard to cry: then next
 " And can a king of Frenchmen do less: then next
 " These and more mischiefs I foresee: then next
 " From fondling brats of base degree: then next
 " As mushrooms that on dunghills rise: then next
 " The kindred weeds beneath despise: then next
 " So these their fellows will condemn: then next
 " Who in revenge will rage at them: then next
 " For thro' each rank what more offends: then next
 " Than to behold the rise of friends: then next
 " Still when our equals grow too great: then next
 " We may applaud, but we must hate: then next

"Then will it be endur'd when John has next to you"
 "Has put my hempen ribbon on, and to the sunne"
 "To see his ancient mase-mate, Cloud, and rain"
 "By you made turbulent and proud, to show his might"
 "And early taught my tree to bill, and my owle to hoot"
 "Pass in another all of silk, and of the golden thread"
 "Yet, one more mournful case to put; there's a good fellow"
 "A hundred mouths at once you shut! already first!"
 "Half Grub-street, silence'd in an hour, you see, you see!"
 "Must curse your interposing power, and your intermeddling!"
 "If my lost sons no longer steal, these sturdy fellows!"
 "What son of her's can earn a meal? By pulling me!"
 "You ruin many a gentle hard, by making kicks!"
 "Who liv'd by heroes that die hard! By pulling me!"
 "Their brother-hawkers too, that sing, The green-winged Teal!"
 "How great from world to world they swung, Woe to the Teal!"
 "And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud, So the Teal, and the Teal!"
 "Drew tears and halfpence from the crowd! And the Teal!"
 "Blind Fielding too—a mischief on him! From the Teal!"
 "I wish my sons would meet and stone him! From the Teal!"
 "Sends his black squadrons up and down, As much as the Teal!"
 "Who drive my best boys back to Town, and the Teal!"
 "They find that trav'ling now abroad, So the Teal, and the Teal!"
 "To ease rich rascals on the road, and in revenge, So the Teal!"
 "Is grown a calling much unsafe, For this, each Teal!"
 "That there are surer ways by half, Than to behold the Teal!"
 "To which they have their equal claim, Still when the Teal!"
 "Of carping daily food and fame, What a good fellow!"

" So down at home they sit and think
 " How best to rob with pen and ink
 " Hence red-hot letters and essays
 " By the John Iliburn of these days,
 " Who guards his want of shame and sense
 " With shield of sev'nfold impudence;
 " Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
 " With much abuse and little wit;
 " Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
 " That only hurt when they commend;
 " Hence oft' ascrib'd to Fox, at least
 " All that defames his namesake beast;
 " Hence Cloacina hourly views
 " Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
 " That sink where myriads went before,
 " And sleep within the chaos hoar,
 " While her brown daughters, under ground, O
 " Are fed with politics profound:
 " Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
 " More excrement than what it wraps.
 " These, singly, contributions raise,
 " Of casual pudding and of praise:
 " Others again, who form a gang,
 " Yet take due measures not to hang,
 " In Magazines their forces join,
 " By legal methods to purloin;
 " Whose weekly or whose monthly feat
 " First to decry, then steal your treatise:

" So rogues in France perform their job, 26
 " Assassinating ere they rob, How best to rob
 " But, this long narrative to close; Hence red
 " They who would grievances expose, By the John
 " In all good policy no less Who guards his want
 " Should shew the methods to redress. With shield
 " If commerce, sinking in one scale; Hence cards
 " By fraud or hazard comes to fail; With much
 " The task is next, all statesmen know it, Hence his
 " To find another where to throw it, That only
 " That, rising there in due degree, Hence of
 " The public may no loser be, All this
 " Thus having heard how you invade, Hence close
 " And in one way destroy my trade, Remember
 " That we at last may part good friends, That sink
 " Hear how you still may make amends, And de
 " O search this sinful Town with care, While
 " What numbers duly mine are there, What led
 " The full-fed herd of money-jobbers, Each
 " Jews, Christians, rogues alike, and robbers, Most
 " Who riot on the poor man's toils, These
 " And fatten by a nation's spoils, Of casual
 " The crowd of little knaves in place, Others
 " Our age's envy and disgrace, Yet take
 " Secret and snug, by daily stealth, In
 " The busy vermine pick up wealth, By legal
 " Then without birth control the great, Whole
 " Then without talents rule the state, To

" Some ladies too—for some there are
 " With shame and decency at war,
 " Who on a ground of pale three-score
 " Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
 " And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
 " With purer white than lilies know;
 " Who into vice intrepid rush,
 " Put modest whoring to the blush,
 " And with more front engage a trooper
 " Than Jenny Jones or Lucy Cooper.
 " Send me each mischief-making nibbler,
 " 'Tis equal senator or scribbler,
 " Who on the self-same spot of ground,
 " The self-same hearers flaring round,
 " Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
 " Both men and measures still the same;
 " Or serve our foes with all their might,
 " By proving Britons dare not fight:
 " Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile, elves,
 " They paint the nation from themselves;
 " Less aiming to be wise than witty,
 " And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
 " Send me each string—save green and blue—
 " These, Brother Towerhill, wait for you.
 " But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;
 " 'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—
 " Not those of old renown'd in fable,
 " Nor of the Round but gaming table,

295

300

305

310

315

- " Who ev'ry night, the waiters say,
 " Break ev'ry law they make by day; 320
 " Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
 " Attendant upon drink and dice,
 " And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
 " Devour each others' goods and chattels;
 " While from the mouth of magic box,
 " With curses dire and dreadful knocks, 325
 " They fling whole tenements away,
 " Fling time, health, fame—yet call it Play
 " Till, by advice of special friends,
 " The titled dupe a sharper ends; 330
 " Or if some drop of noble blood
 " Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
 " The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
 " Leaps headlong to the world unknown! 334

ZEPHYR:

OR,

THE STRATAGEM.

Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
Una dola Divam si femina victa duorum est.

VIRG.

The Argument.

A certain young lady was surpris'd, on horseback, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the south-west, which made her dismount somewhat precipitately.

THE god in whose gay train appear
Those gales that wake the purple year,
Who lights up health, and bloom, and grace,
In Nature's and in Mira's face;
To speak more plain, the Western wind,
Had seen this brightest of her kind;
Had seen her oft' with fresh surprise,
And ever with desiring eyes,
Much by her shape, her look, her air,
Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair,
More by the meaning soul that shines
Thro' all her charms, and all refinements
Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
Her form is dignity with ease:
Then—such a hand and such an arm
As Age or Impotence might warm!

N ij

Just such a leg too, Zephyr knows,
The Medicéan Venus shows.

So far he sees, so far admires;
Each charm is fuel to his fires :

20

But other charms, and those of price,
That form the bounds of Paradise,
Can those an equal praise command,
All turn'd by Nature's finest hand?

Is all the consecrated ground

25

With plumpness firm, with smoothness round?

The world but once one Zeuxis saw

A faultless form who dar'd to draw,

And then, that all might perfect be,

All rounded off in due degree;

30

To furnish out the matchless piece

Were rifled half the trophies of Greece:

'Twas Pitt's white neck, 't was Delia's thigh,

'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye;

'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,

35

And Hervey lent her maiden-face:

But dares he hope on British ground

That these may all in one be found?

These chiefly that still stun his eye?

He knows not, but he means to try.

40

Aurora rising fresh and gay

Gave promise of a golden day.

Up with her sister Mira rose

Four hours before our London beans;

For these are still asleep and dead, 45
Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed.

A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the passing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop; 50

Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due eastward as her steps she bore,
Would swell her petticoat before,
Would subtly steal his face between, 55

To see—what never yet was seen!

"And sure to fan it with his wing!

"No nine-month symptom e'er can bring;

"His aim is but the nymph to please,

"Who daily courts his cooling breeze." 60

But listen, fond believing Maid!

When Love, soft traitor! would persuade,

With all the moving skill and grace

Of practis'd passion in his face,

Dread his approach, distrust your pow'r— 65

For, oh! there is one shepherd's hour;

And tho' he long, his aim to cover,

May with the friend disguise the lover,

The sense or nonsense of his wooing

Will but adore you into ruin. 70

But for those butterflies the bees,

Who buzz around in tinsel rows,

Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain; 73
Where insects settle they will stain.

Thus Zephyr oft' the nymph assail'd,
As oft' his little arts had fail'd;
The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
Resisted still his feeble gale.
With these repulses vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephyr has recourse to art,
And, his own weakness to supply,
Calls in a brother of the sky,
The rude South-west, whose mildest play
Is war, mere war, the Russian way;
A tempest-maker by his trade,
Who knows to ravish, not persuade. 83

The terms of their aerial league,
How first to harass and fatigue,
Then, found on some remoter plain,
To ply her close with wind and rain:
These terms, writ fair, and seal'd and sign'd,
Should Webb or Stukeley wish to find,
Wise antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever pass'd—and more,
Tho' here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
Those floating registers in air;
So let them mount, and lead them there. 95

The grand alliance thus agreed,
To instant action they proceed; 100

For 't is in war a maxim known,
 As Prussia's monarch well has shown,
 To break at once upon your foe,
 And strike the first preventive blow.
 With Toro's lungs in Toro's form,
 Whose very Howd'ye is a storm,
 The dread South-west his part begun:
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
 At his command from pole to pole
 Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll,
 Who, pressing now her fav'rite steed,
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O Mira! to the future blind,
 Th' insidious foe is close behind:
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can,
 Unless this god should be the man.
 For, lo! the clouds, at his known call,
 Are closing round—they burst! they fall!
 While at the charmer, all aghast,
 He pours whole winter in a blast;
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
 If natives founder on the flood,
 If Britain's coast be left as bare,*
 As he resolves to leave the fair.
 Here gods resemble human breed,
 The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral Hawke was blown into Torbay. *Mallet.*

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
 With silk, lawn, linen, round her head,
 And to the fawns who fed above
 Unveil'd the last recesses of Love: 130
 Each wond'ring fawn was seen to bound *,
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
 At sight of that sequester'd glade,
 In all its light, in all its shade,
 Which rises there for wisest ends: 135
 To deck the temple it defends.

Lo! gentle tenants of the grove,
 For what a thousand heroes strove,
 When Europe, Asia, both in arms,
 Disputed one fair lady's charms, 140
 The war pretended Helen's eyes †,
 But this, believe it, was the prize:
 This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
 This strung his Homer's epic lyre,
 Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight, 145
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet tho' the distant conscious Muse
 This airy rape delighted views,
 Yet she for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying it disdains to praise, 150
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the gods?

* Immemor herbarum quos est mīrata juvenca. *Virg.*

† Et fuit ante Helenam, &c. *Hor.*

Can Russia, can th' Hungarian Vampire
 With whom cast in the Swedes and Empire;
 Can four such pow'rs, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise should they prevail?
 O mighty triumph! high renown!
 Two gods have brought one mortal down;
 Have clubb'd their forces in a storm
 To strip one helpless female form!
 Strip her stark naked, yet confess
 Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress.

But, all-insensible to blame,
 The sky-born ravishers on flame
 Enchanted at the prospect stood,
 And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.
 Sleek S * * too had done no less,
 Would parsons here the truth confess:
 Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,
 Would do the same at eighty-five †

But how, in colours softly-bright,
 Where strength and harmony unite,
 To paint the limbs, that fairer show
 Than Massalina's borrow'd snow;

* A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood, of whom there are many stories told in Hungary. *Mallet.*

† We believe there is a mistake in this reading, for the person best informed and most concerned assures that it should be only seventy-five. *Mallet.*

To paint the rose that, thro' its shade,
 With theirs one human eye survey'd;
 Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,
 Would he the genuine draught avow,
 The Muse, a second Titian then,
 To Fame might consecrate her pen.

That Titian Nature gave of old
 The queen of Beauty to behold,
 Like Mira unadorn'd by dress,
 But all complete in nakedness,
 Then bade his emulating art
 Those wonders to the world impart:
 Around the ready Graces stand,
 "With each a pencil in her hand;
 Each height'ning stroke, each happy line,
 Awakes to life the form divine,
 Till, rais'd and rounded ev'ry charm,
 And all with youth immortal warm,
 He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
 He sees a brighter Venus rise!
 But, to the gentle Reader's cost,
 His pencil with his life was lost;
 And Mira must contented be

To live by Ramsay and by me.

* This line is supplied to perfect the sense and rhyme. It is omitted in the edition by the Booksellers of 1779.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'T WAS at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
Inglided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.
Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her bly hand
That held her sable shroud.

III.
So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown; 10
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When Death has rest their crown.

IV.
Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view. 15

V.
But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time. 20

VI.

"Awake!" the cry'd, "thy true love calls, 117

"Come from her midnight grave;

"Now let thy pity hear the maid

"Thy love refus'd to save. 120

VII.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour, 125

"When injur'd ghosts complain,

"When yawning graves give up their dead

"To haunt the faithless swain. 130

VIII.

"Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,

"Thy pledge and broken oath, 135

"And give me back my maiden vow,

"And give me back my troth. 140

IX.

"Why did you promise love to me,

"And not that promise keep? 145

"Why did you swear my eyes were bright, 35

"Yet leave those eyes to weep? 150

X.

"How could you say my face was fair,

"And yet that face forsake? 155

"How could you win my virgin heart,

"Yet leave that heart to break? 160

XI.

"Why did you say my lip was sweet,

"And made the scarlet pale? 165

" And why did I, young witless maid!

" Believe the flatt'ring tale?

XII.

" That face, alas! no more is fair,

" Those lips no longer red:

" Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,

" And ev'ry charm is fled.

XIII.

" The hungry worm my sister is;

" This winding-sheet I wear;

" And cold and weary lasts our night,

" Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

" But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;

" A long and late adieu!

" Come see, false Man! how low she lies

" Who dy'd for love of you."

XV.

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd

With beams of rosy red;

Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb,

And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place

Where Marg'ret's body lay,

And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf

That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name, 65
 And thrice he wept full sore,
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more *! 68

* In a comedy of Fletcher, called *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, old Merrythought enters repeating the following verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known at the time when that author wrote, and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy, and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing Poem, which was written many years ago. *Mallet.*

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the Works of Vincent Bourne.

EDWIN AND EMMA *

Mark it, Cefario, it is true and plain;
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.
FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a shelt'ring wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood:

* Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, on the subject of this Poem. To Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.

WORTHY SIR,

"As to the affair mentioned in your's, it happened long before my time: I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows. The family-name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity; but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably; but as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year: when it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked

H. EMMA AND EDWIN

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair

Beneath a mother's eye,

Whose only wish on earth was now

To see her blest'd and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads

Gave colour to her cheek;

Such orient colour smiles thro' heav'n

When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn

This charmer of the plains;

"daughter, Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her
"with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a
"rustic one it is, "that blood was nothing without groats."
"The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove
"Tuesday, and died the Sunday se'nnight after. On the last
"day of his illness he desired to see his mistress: she was civilly
"received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was
"too late; but her daughter Hannah lay at his back to cut
"them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.
"At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his de-
"parture she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and
"expired some moments after. The then curate of Bowes *
"inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and
"were buried in the same grave, March 15. 1714. I am,
"Dear Sir, Your's, &c."

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the
Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and
mountainous tract named by the neighbouring people *Stannemore*, which
is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.

CAMD. BRIT.

That sun who bids their diamond blaze 15
To paint our lily deigns.

V. Who had not pity know.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair; 20

VI. And had it long known.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains!
A soul devoid of art,
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart. 25

VII. Of this ring passions gain'd.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd,
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish
That virtue keeps conceal'd. 30

VIII. The spreading passion.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last
Where Fortune proves a foe. 35

IX. Beneath the moonlight.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd. 40

O iij

The father too, a fordid man!
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd,
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
 Of diff'ring passions strove;
 His heart, that durst not disobey
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft' behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft', too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul
 The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast;

So fades the fresh rose in its prime
Before the northern blast. 60

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

XVII.

"'Tis past," he cry'd—"but if your souls
"Sweet mercy yet can move,
"Let these dim eyes once more behold
"What they must ever love." 65

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning-dews appear. 70

XIX.

But, oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say,
"My Edwin! live for me." 75

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's fun'ral song. 80

XXI.
 Amid the falling gloom of night
 Her startling fancy found
 In ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
 His groan in ev'ry sound.

XXII.
 Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—

When, lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale.

XXIII.
 Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door—

"He 's gone!" she cry'd, "and I shall see
 That angel face no more!"

XXIV.
 "I feel, I feel this breaking heart,
 Beat high against my side—"

From her white arm down sunk her head:
 She shiv'ring sigh'd, and dy'd.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

On his visiting Oxford in the year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince! the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome in unfinish'd lays:
At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
And oft', as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
These need not here; for to a soul like thine
Truth plain and simple will more lovely shine.
The truly good but with the verse sincere;
They court no flattery who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind.
Crowds who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm in gracious princes yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here candour dwells, here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
See these enlighten'd sages who preside
O'er Learning's empire; see the youth they guide!

Behold all faces are in transport drest! 23
 But those most wonder who discern thee best.
 At sight of thee each free-born heart receives
 A joy the sight of princes rarely gives,
 From tyrants sprung, and oft' themselves design'd
 By Fate the future Neros of their kind:
 But tho' thy blood, we know, transmitted springs
 From laurell'd heroes and from warrior kings,
 Thro' that high series we delighted trace
 The friends of liberty and human race!

Oh! born to glad and animate our life! 35
 For thee our heav'n's look pleas'd, our seasons smile;
 For thee, late object of our tender fears,
 When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
 All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
 Attended by soft suns and vernal air,
 Sought those fam'd springs* where, each afflictive
 Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her pow'r: [hour,
 She came, and while to thee the current flows,
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose;
 Hence to thy cheek that instant bloom deriv'd! 45
 Hence with thy health the weeping world reviv'd!

Proceed to emulate thy race divine;
 A life of action and of praise be thine!
 Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
 By nature daring, but by reason good, 50
 So great, so glorious, thy forefathers shone,
 No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:

* Bath.

Their deeds will place thy virtue full in light;
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light;
 If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
 Think what the world may claim; and thou must do:
 The honours that already grace thy name
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame:
 Ev'n she, bright Anna! whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair,
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care:
 O! be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
 Of sons in war renown'd, and great in peace;
 Of daughters fair and faithful, to supply
 The patriot race, till Nature's self shall die!

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY DR. FRAZER'S

Rebuilding part of the University of Aberdeen.

In times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
 And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
 Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
 Those very arts in others saw unprais'd;
 Friend to mankind, a prelate good and great
 The Muses courted to this safe retreat;
 Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
 With learned Leisure and with Peace to dwell.

Bishop Elphinston,

The fabric finish'd, to the sov'reign's fame;
 His own neglecting, he transferr'd his claim;
 Here by successive worthies well was taught
 Whate'er enlightens or exalts the thought
 With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
 The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair;
 Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
 And Science long enjoy'd her Age of Gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
 A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
 O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
 Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
 Silent and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
 He mines each wall, he moulders ev'ry pile;
 Ruin hangs, hov'ring o'er the fated place,
 And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
 Beheld the total desolation near;
 Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly,
 And fix'd on heav'n his sorrow-streaming eye!

From heav'n, in that dark hour, commission'd came
 Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name:
 Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright,
 At whose felt influence Nature smil'd with light.

"Hear, and rejoice!"—the gracious pow'r be-
 "Already fir'd by me, thy fav'rite son [gun—
 "This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes,
 "And from its fall bids fairer fabrics rise.

* Calling it King's College, in compliment to James IV.

" Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments
 " In dust deep-bury'd, lost to mem'ry, lay, [gray,
 " The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
 " The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend! 40
 " Nor ends the bounty thus: by him bestow'd,
 " Here Science shall her richest stores unload:
 " Whate'er long hid Philosophy has found,
 " Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
 " Or History descry'd, far-looking sage! 45
 " In the dark doubtfulness of distant age;
 " These, thy best wealth, with curious choice com-
 " Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind;
 " To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
 " And fire the Bard whom Genius means to live. 50
 " But teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace;
 " Let low self-love and pedant discord cease:
 " Their object truth, utility their aim,
 " One social spirit reign, in all the same:
 " Thus aided, arts shall with fresh vigour shoot, 55
 " Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit,
 " Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
 " And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay." 58

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERECY ! Heav'n's first attribute,
 Whose care embraces man and brute,
 Behold me, where I shiv'ring stand ;
 Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
 To Want and Age, Disease and Pain,
 That all in one sad object reign.
 Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
 Existence is to me a curse ;
 Yet how to close this weary eye ?
 By my own hand I dare not die ;
 And Death, the friend of human woes,
 Who brings the last and sound repose,
 Death does at dreadful distance keep,
 And leaves one wretch to wake and weep.

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy Soul ! look out—now comes thy turn ;
 With thee behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
 Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
 That spreads slow-shadowing o'er the vanquish'd light.
 Look out with joy ; the ruler of the day
 Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimm'ring ray :

Already ekil'd to the utmost sky,
 Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
 Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole
 Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll;
 In dismal pomp, now hov'ring on their way,
 To a sick twilight they reduce the day.
 And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
 And roar their haughty triumph thro' the skies,
 While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of
 And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain. [rain,
 Now see sad earth—like thine her alter'd state,
 Like thee she mourns her sad reverse of fate!

Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
 Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!

No more th' ungrateful verdure of the plain,
 No more the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain;
 These scenes of bliss no more upbraid my fate,
 Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate;
 The leaf-clad forest and the tufted grove,
 Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
 Stripp'd of their honours, naked now appear;
 This is—my Soul! the winter of their year:

The little noisy songsters of the wing,
 All shiv'ring on the bough, forget to sing.

Hail, rev'rend Silence! with thy awful brow,
 Be Music's voice for ever mute—as now;

Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
 Disturb—no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this moss-cover'd cavern hopeless laid—
 On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head;
 And, pleas'd with Winter's waste; unpying see
 All nature in an agony with me.
 Rough rugged rocks; wet marshes; ruin'd towers;
 Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths; and rushy
 mobs;
 Dead floods; huge cataracts; to my pleas'd eyes—
 (Now I can smile)—in wild disorder rise;
 And now, the various dreadfuls combin'd;
 Black Melancholy comes to doze my mind—
 See! Night's with'd shades rise spreading thro' the
 And the lone hollow gloom for me prepare!
 Hail, solitary ruler of the grave!
 Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!
 Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
 And spread a welcome horror wide around—
 But hark!—a sudden howl invades my ear!
 The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near;
 Shadows from each dark cavern now combine;
 And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
 Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
 Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring—
 Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—
 Let never wanton season laugh at me.

A FRAGMENT.

FAIR Morn ascends; soft Zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring;
 Where sown profusely herb and flow'r
 Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
 Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns;
 And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep.
 Of human art no traces near,
 I seem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
 The seas'ning of all good below!
 The sov'reign friend in joy or woe!
 O thou! most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence duly priz'd!
 Pow'r of the soft and rosy face,
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
 The spirits when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!

O sun of life! whole heav'nly ray, 25
 Lights up and cheers our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till Nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night: 30
 Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
 Fled from the couch where in sweet sleep
 Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
 But tosses thro' the midnight shade, 35
 Of death of life alike afraid;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell;
 Thou oft' art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn; 40
 Or on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye
 With song and prospect, which abound
 From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray, 45
 Flames forth intolerable day;
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
 With Thirst and Languor in his train,
 All Nature sick'ning in the blaze,
 Thou, in the wild and woody maze 50
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,

Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down,
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:

The bee in yonder flow'ry nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,

The green leaf shiv'ring in the gale,
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,

The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak:

From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead,

Sages or poets. See! they rise,
And shadowy skim before his eyes.

Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:

Lo, Socrates! the sent of Heav'n,
To whom its moral will was giv'n:

Fathers and friends of human-kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;

With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid,

And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.

Dumb silence grew upon the hour,
 A browner night involv'd the bow'r;
 When, issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
 O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n,
 Great charter with our being giv'n,
 For which the patriot and the sage
 Have plann'd, have bled, thro' ev'ry age!
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
 What but from God immediate came! 92

A FUNERAL HYMN.

YE midnight Shades! o'er Nature spread
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
 In honour of th' approaching dead
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around
 On this pale ground,
 Thro' all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo! as the surplis'd train draw near,
 To this last mansion of mankind;
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 The holy musings wrap the mind;
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart,
 Each mould'ring bone,
 Each sculptur'd stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

III.

Now let the sacred organ blow
 With solemn pause and sounding flow;
 Now let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh and words that weep,
 Till all the vocal current blended roll,
 Not to depress but lift the soaring soul.

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praise
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
 And after some few stormy days
 Now gracious gives us o'er to death.
 No king of fears
 In him appears
 Who shuts the scene of human woes;
 Beneath his shade
 Securely laid
 The dead alone find true repose.

V.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs. God is just;
And man most happy when he dies. 46
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more. 46

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hov'ring round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing ghost of the departed man. 6

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Tho' scandal was his joy, he would not swear:
An oath had made the ladies stare.
At them he duly dress'd, but without passion:
His only mistress was the fashion.

His verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
 His prose with sense correctly quaint;
 Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:
 At once a fribble and a man of parts.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O! Crown'd with honour, bless'd with length of days,
 Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
 Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
 And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
 Tho' still the fairest from Heav'n's bounty flow,
 For good and great no monarch can bestow;
 Yet thus of health, of fame, of friends, possess'd,
 No fortune, Hardwicke! is sincerely bless'd:
 All human-kind are sons of sorrow born;
 The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
 Can Fortitude, without a sigh resign?
 Ah! no: when Love, when Reason, hand in hand
 O'er the cold urn consenting mourners stand,
 The firmest heart dissolves to soften here,
 And Piety applauds the falling tear.
 Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
 Adorn the living while they grace the dead;
 From tender thought their source unblam'd they
 By Heav'n approv'd, and true to Nature's law, [draw,

When his lov'd child the Roman could not save;
Immortal Tully; from an early grave;
No common forms his home-felt passion kept,
The sage, the patriot, in the parent wept;
And, O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The same thy joys, thy sorrows are the same.
She whom the Muses, whom the Loves, deplore,
Ev'n she thy pride and pleasure is no more;
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Lost to thy hopes, and silent in the tomb.
O season mark'd by mourning and despair!
Thy blasts how fatal to the young and fair!
For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease;
Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
That scatter'd fever, agony, and death.
What fun'ral have thy cruel ravage spread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her sober view;
O think who suffer and who sigh with you.
See rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Cranby from a youthful husband's arms!
In climes far distant see that husband mourn,
His arms revers'd; his recent laurel torn!

* Tullia died about the age of two-and-thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety, and for having added to the usual graces of her sex the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. *Mallet.*

Behold again, at Fate's imperious call, 45
In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend;
Thy Pelham, turn on heav'n his streaming eye;
Again in her he sees a brother die! 50

And he who, long unshaken and serene,
Had death in each dire form of terror seen,
Thro' worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,
By love subdu'd, now weeps a comfort lost;
Now sunk to fondness all the man appears, 55
His front dejected, and his soul in tears.

Yet more; nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to sooth a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suff'ring ball,
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall! 60
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn! 65
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too, and reason will confirm the thought;
Thy cares for her are to their period brought.
Yes she, fair pattern to a failing age!
With wit chastis'd, with sprightly temper sage; 70
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
 The prize of virtue has for ever gain'd!
 From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore 75
 Where sin, and pain, and error, are no more;
 She now no change, nor you no fear, can feel;
 Death to her fame has fix'd th' eternal seal. 78

IMPROMPTU,

*On a lady who had passed some time in playing with a
 very young child.*

WHY on this least of little Misses
 Did Celia waste so many kisses?
 Quoth Love, who stood behind, and smil'd,
 She kiss'd the father in the child. 4

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause;
 With no one awkwardness that laughter draws;
 Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say;
 A clock at morn wound up to run a day;
 His larum goes in one smooth simple strain; 5
 He stops, and then we wind him up again:
 Still hov'ring round the fair at fifty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er:
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting; 10
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
 The teasing ghost of the departed man. 12

EPIGRAM,

On seeing two persons pass by in very different equipages.

IN modern as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on;
The player in his own post-chaise,
The poet in a carrier's wagon!

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1760.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone.
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house for ever fled?
Not so; by softer surer arms,
They yet survive in beauty's charms;
For look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Ev'n now he triumphs in his race.

Qij

EPIGRAM,

On a certain Lord's passion for a singer.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
 Nerina's devil-face affrights;
 How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
 Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
 But be she cruel, be she kind,
 Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind. 6

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

Applied to the same person.

DEAR Thomas! didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop?
 There, Thomas! didst thou never see—
 'Tis but by way of Simile—
 A squirrel spend its little rage
 In jumping round a rowling cage?
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
 'The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 It never gets two inches higher. 10

So fares it with this little peer,
 So busy and so bustling here;
 For ever flirting up and down,
 And frisking round his cage, the Town.

A world of nothing in his chat, 15
 Of who said this, and who did that?
 With Similes that never hit,
 Vivacity that has no wit;
 Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;
 Advice oft' ask'd, but never taken; 20
 Still whirl'd, by ev'ry rising whim,
 From that to this, from her to him;
 And when he hath his circle run,
 He ends—just where he first begun. 24

EPITAPH

ON MR. AIKMAN AND HIS ONLY SON,

Who were both interred in the same grave.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son;
 By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
 The painter's genius, but without the pride;
 Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine, 5
 Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
 The son, fair rising, knew too short a date;
 But, oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
 He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
 Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd! 10

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structures grace,
 Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place;
 Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
 Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
 O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore
 Where sin, and pain, and passion, are no more!
 What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
 Regard and Pity wait sincere on thee:
 Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

10

EPISTLES.

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow:
Now walks mute Midnight darkling o'er the plain,
Rest and soft-footed Silence in his train,
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain:
These all-asleep, me all-awake, they find;
Nor rest nor silence charm the lover's mind.
Already I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast,
The flutt'ring wish on wing, that will not rest;
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow,
Knowledge of distant bliss and present woe;
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well. 15

These pale the cheek and cloud the cheerless eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh;
These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And these, O Mira! these are truly mine.

She whose sweet smile would gladden all the grove,
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;

She, gentle Pow'r! victorious softness!—She,
 Mira! is far from hence, from love and me;
 Yet in my ev'ry thought her form I find,
 Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!
 Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease, 26
 The native wit, that was not taught to please.
 Whatever softly animates the face,
 The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
 Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms, 30
 And all the graceful negligence of charms!
 Ha! while I gaze a thousand ardours rise,
 And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.
 Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
 Receive my soul within those folding arms; 35
 On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
 Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
 And see! where Love himself is waiting near;
 Here let me over dwell—for heav'n is here! 39

TO MR. THOMSON,

On his publishing the second edition of

HIS POEM CALLED WINTER.

CHARM'D and instructed by thy pow'rful song,
 I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long;
 This debt of gratitude at length receive,
 Warmly sincere, 't is all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new-lights the poet's darken'd name,
 And shews it blazing in the brightest fame;
 Thro' all thy various Winter full are found
 Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
 Clear depth of sense, expression's height'ning grace,
 And goodness, eminent in pow'r and place.
 For this the wise, the knowing few, commend
 With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
 Ev'n age and truth severe, in reading thee,
 That Heav'n inspires the Muse convinc'd agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
 Friendless—supported by itself alone:
 For those whose aided will could lift thee high
 In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye,
 Nor place nor pow'r bestows the sight resign'd,
 And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How couldst thou think of such and write so well?
 Or hope reward by daring to excel?
 Unskilful of the age, untaught to gain
 Those favours which the fawning base obtain,
 A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
 Falsehood and flatt'ry must be first thy own.
 If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
 Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest;
 Extinguish each bright aim that kindles there,
 And centre in thyself thy ev'ry care.

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm man-
 Cast each low thought of int'rest far behind: [kind,

Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path where vulgar poets stray ;
Inglorious herd ! profuse of venal lays,
And by the pride despis'd they stoop to praise :
Thou ! careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that straight way that leads to fair renown.
By virtue guided, and by glory fir'd,
And by reluctant envy slow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind
Embrace the gen'ral welfare of thy kind ;
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heav'n approves, and what the Muse has
Where thy pow'r fails, unable to go on, [taught.
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone :
So shall thy name thro' ages bright'ning shine,
And distant praise from worth unborn be thine ;
So shalt thou, happy, merit Heav'n's regard,
And find a glorious tho' a late reward.

SONGS.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE. THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda! timely wife,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Invermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom must fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Invermay!

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE. MARY SCOT.

WHERE Thames, along the daisy'd meads,
 His wave in lucid mazes leads,
 Silent, flow, serenely flowing,
 Wealth on either shore bestowing,
 There in a safe tho' small retreat
 Content and Love have fix'd their seat;
 Love, that counts his duty pleasure,
 Content that knows and hugs his treasure.
 From art, from jealousy, secure,
 As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure,
 Vain opinion nobly scorning,
 Virtue aiding, life adorning;
 Fair Thames, along thy flow'ry side,
 May those whom truth and reason guide,
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, belov'd and loving!

AN ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED:

Sung by a shepherdess who has lost her lover in the wars.

A YOUTH, adorn'd with ev'ry art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possess'd:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows;
His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flow'ry year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honour made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed;
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For, ah! no sighs the past recall;
No cries awake the dead!

PROLOGUES, &c.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

Spoken by Lord Sandwich.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle,
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay, 5
And all our talk in politics or play,
'The statesman oft' would sooth his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakespeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
'There woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre. 10
As fair examples, like ascending Morn,
'The world at once enlighten and adorn,
From them diffus'd the gentle arts of peace
Shot bright'ning o'er the land with swift increase,
Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease, 15
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.
Reliev'd from yon' rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,

And safe embow'r'd in Woburn's * airy groves,
 Let us recall the times our taste approves, 20
 Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse,
 Thro' ev'ry bosom tender thought infuse,
 Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
 And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
 Green on the mountain, flow'ry in the plain; 26
 While genial Nature breathes from hill and dale
 Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale,
 The various softness stealing thro' the heart,
 Impressions sweetly social will impart. 30
 When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe
 The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
 When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
 Holds up himself a mirror for mankind,
 An equal eye on our own hearts we turn, 35
 Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn;
 And conscious Nature is in all the same,
 We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame! 38

* The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May 1743.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night at length appears,
 The night of ev'ry author's hopes and fears,
 What shifts to bribe applause poor poets try!
 In all the forms of wit they court and lie;
 These meanly beg it as an alms; and those
 Ey boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

Nor poorly fearful nor securely vain,
 Ours would by honest ways that grace obtain;
 Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd,
 And then—let candour fairly too, decide. 10
 He courts no friend who blindly comes to praise;
 He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a gen'rous pride, that bids him own
 He aims to please by noble means alone;
 By what may win the judgment, wake the heart, 15
 Inspiring nature, and directing art;
 By scenes so wrought as may applause command
 More from the judging head than thund'ring hand.

Important is the moral we would teach—
 Oh! may this island practise what we preach— 20
 Vice in its first approach with care to shun;
 The wretch who once engages is undone.
 Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so straight,
 What first was accident at last is fate:

Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave, 25
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

"As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
"Our judges—here at least—from influence free:
"One place—unbias'd yet by party rage—
"Where only honour votes—the British stage. 30
"We ask for justice, for indulgence sue;
"Our last best license must proceed from you." 32

PROLOGUE

TO THE MASK OF BRITANNIA.

Spoken by Mr. Garrick, 1755, in the character of a
sailor fuddled, and talking to himself.*

He ENTERS singing,
How pleasant a sailor's life passes?—

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—is a pretty fellow.

What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

[To the Pit,

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—

[He staggers forward, then stops.

But softly tho'; the vessel seems to heel:

Steddy, my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sal and Sue—
 Dost love 'em, Boy?—By this right hand I do. 10
 A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting;
 'There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:
 For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soop?
 What! shall these *Parlyvoous* make such a racket, 15
 And we not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
 Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
 Whene'er he shuffles we should always cut.
 I'll to 'em, faith—A vast—before I go—
 Have I not promis'd Sal to see the show? 20

[Pulls out a play-bill.

From this same paper we shall understand
 What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!
 But, first refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
 I'll take one sugar-plum—and then I'll read it. 27

[Takes some tobacco.

*Here reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.
 At the Theatre-Royal—Drury-Lane—will be presen-
 ta-ted a tragedy called—*

SARAH.

I'm glad 't is Sarah—Then our Sal may see 25 }
 Her namesake's tragedy; and as for me, }
 I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

To which will be added—a new Mask.

Zounds! why a Mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
 Above-board all, we scorn to hide our faces.

But what is here, so very large and plain? 30

Bri-ta-nia—oh, Britania!—good again—

Huzza, Boys! by the Royal George I swear,

Tom Coxen and the crew shall straight be there.

All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part, 34

And give her three round cheers with hand and heart!

[Going off, he stops.

I wish you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,

Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;

And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing,

True to yourselves, your country, and your king. 39

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, sure, the most severe affliction

Is from these fellows pointblank contradiction.

Our Bard, without—I wish he would appear—

Ud! I would give it him—but you shall hear—

Good Sir! quoth I—and curtsy'd as I spoke— 5

Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—

'Twere fit to humour them; for, right or wrong,

True Britons never like the same thing long.

To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue—

To-morrow is foul—they sneak aside, and hang. 10

Is there a war—Peace! peace! is all their cry:

The peace is made---then, blood! they'll fight and die.

Gallants! in talking thus I meant no treason;
 I would have brought, you see, the man to reason;
 But with some folks 't is labour lost to strive:
 A reas'ning mule will neither lead nor drive.
 He humm'd and ha'd; then, waking from his dream,
 Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.
 A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!
 Some queer odd whim of pious propagation*!
 Lord! talk so here—the man must be a widgeon—
 Drury may propagate—but not Religion.
 Yet, after all, to give the devil his due,
 Our Author's scheme, tho' strange, is wholly new.
 Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?
 If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
 For drums and routs make him a while your passion,
 A little while let Virtue be the fashion;
 And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
 Ev'n let him live nine days, like other wonders.

* The profits arising from this play were intended to be given by the Author to the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge.

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